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Hudson & Kearns
LONDON SE

Photo. by LAFAYETTE.

MRS. MEADOWS WHITE.

179, New Bond Street.

A Parrakeets' Nest in Brittany.

IT was one day in last May that I first heard the rumour that a pair of parrakeets were busily engaged in building themselves a nest, under the eaves of a house in the neighbourhood. I was at the time staying at Dinard, that well-known healthy and pretty seaside place on the North Coast of Brittany.

It appeared to me so curious and unusual a circumstance for birds of the parrot species to nest in the open air in northern France, that I was naturally most interested, and more than anxious to visit the spot and see the nest for myself. Having ascertained through a mutual friend that Madame G., the owner of the parrakeets, would be pleased to see me, and would not consider my curiosity intrusive, I took advantage of the opportunity to go and investigate what appeared to be something of a phenomenon in natural history. So one bright, sunny morning I set out for my visit. On leaving Dinard, the way lay along picturesque narrow lanes, the country gay with orchards of

upon the upper branches of a large wistaria which more or less covered the walls of the house, while a luxuriously growing rose tree leaning against the walls, and just then in full bloom, had managed to struggle one of its branches up to the edge of the sloping roof, there to make a fresh departure of a new rose bush, as it were, "all a-growing and a-blowing" on the tiles of the roof. Altogether these were not inharmonious surroundings to the bright, sociable little birds.

The nest itself was built of twigs of various lengths and sizes, closely and strongly intertwined, with the ends sticking out at all angles, as may be seen in the illustrations. The nest was a very large structure—long, with a domed roof, as it were, and a sort of passage leading to it. This nest had two entrances or exits, one at each end.

After sufficiently admiring and taking in all the details of the work achieved by these clever little builders, I set up my camera, and took the best views I could arrange of the unique structure.



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UNDER THE EAVES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

apple trees in full blossom, the air fragrant with the scent of the lilacs flowering profusely in each little garden.

Having arrived at a more or less scattered hamlet, I soon found the house I was in search of, and, leaving the carriage at the gate, walked up the path to a quaint little one-storied house.

Madame G. was at home, and greeted me most kindly. She gave me a very interesting account of her birds, which were all of the parrot tribe. Besides her various parrakeets, she is the fond possessor of several pairs of cockatoos of different kinds. Madame G. designated the parrakeets of my special notice as the grey-breasted Quaker, or Monte Video, parrakeet.

After conversing fully upon the breed and its habits, I went to see the all-important nest, which had so occupied my mind for some days. I was naturally highly gratified to find that I had come on no wild goose chase, for there, sure enough, just as I had been told was the case, were the two pretty parrakeets, red and green with grey breasts and long tails, flying around me and popping in and out of their big, strange nest, built close under the eaves of the house. The nest was supported

It was with great difficulty that I contrived to get the parrakeets at all into the photograph, as they were so restless, flying here, hopping there, and going backwards and forwards into their nest, in at one end and out of the other, as if they were playing a game of "hide and seek." However, after patient waiting I got two views of the nest, one of which includes both the parrakeets. I then rejoined Madame G., who most kindly took me over her little domain to see all her pets. And a most delightful and curious sight it was. Her sundry cockatoos, white ones with different coloured crests, grey ones with rose crests, were all strutting about on the lawn, or perching in the shrubs, and even not disdaining to associate with some chickens and young turkeys. Madame G. has special pride in one pair of her cockatoos—large white specimens with white crests, a variety which is, I fancy, one of the rarest.

I was also shown the little room on the ground floor—next to the salon—which is given up to the parrots and cockatoos. Every morning the window of the room and the cage doors are opened, when the birds gaily scramble out of their cages, and fly away through the window at their own sweet will. In front of

the house is a grass plot, bordered by a few shrubs and evergreen trees, conspicuous amongst them being a nice evergreen oak. Beyond this, again, is a grass field, and into this field the cockatoos wander, strut, and shuffle about, and pick here and peck there to their hearts' content, always returning to the house for their food, and every evening coming back to roost, each bird marching solemnly into its own cage.

Madame G. has had the hen Quaker parrakeet for five years, having bought her at a French seaport town in 1892, and the cock bird she bought early in the year 1896. The birds always had their full liberty in the daytime, and during that summer they built a nest in an evergreen oak almost in front of the salon window; but there were no eggs laid that year. This last spring the parrakeets commenced building the nest that I saw in May, having deserted the evergreen oak for their present position *UNDER THE EAVES* of the house—a very clever idea of theirs, as here they must find it warmer by many degrees than in the tree, as this front of the house is a veritable suntrap.

The birds seem to have had a very busy and happy time of it this spring, constantly altering, rearranging, and enlarging their nest; but in May no eggs had yet been laid. However, it was noticed early in June that only one bird came at a time to its food, which their thoughtful and devoted mistress placed on the window-sill of her room at a very early hour each morning.

On June 6th. one egg was discovered. The length of the nest was such that the bottom of it could only be touched by the very tips of the fingers of quite a long arm. No more investigation after this was attempted for some time, and the birds were left quietly to themselves. Eventually, on July 17th, it was ascertained that there was one little parrakeet hatched, and that there were three more eggs in the nest. These, however, unfortunately came to nothing.

On August 12th, to Madame G.'s great delight, the new little parrakeet was seen peeping out of the nest, almost entirely feathered, fat, and thriving. It was fed solely by the parent



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A VIEW OF THE NEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

birds, but whether on their usual food of canary, millet, and hemp seed, or on bread, which was also freely put out for them, it is impossible to say. However, by the end of the month of August the little nestling was flying about everywhere with the old birds, in full and bright plumage.

As it was necessary not to let the little fellow get too wild, and the weather was threatening to be wet, on September 2nd his mistress, with some little difficulty, caught him. That night he slept in the house for the first time, and by the end of September he was flying into Madame G.'s room every evening with the parent birds. At first he was very timid and shy, but he soon gained perfect confidence, and became quite composed and happy. The tameness of these parrakeets struck me as very remarkable, particularly in the case of another of these same Quaker parrakeets, which Madame G. carried about perched on her hand, and which she could catch at any moment, the bird evidently seeming to enjoy her notice of him, and exhibiting no fear of being handled by her. A. M. E. C.

CYCLING NOTES.

ON the subject of gear-cases, it is certain a bicycle looks smarter even with out the very smartest of them, and it is easy for a man, and possible even for a woman, to ride quite safely without them. The chain, no doubt, is apt to get dirtier and dustier when unprotected, but the absence of the gear-case has this advantage, that you can see the dust and the dirt, and can get at the chain to clean it better. With the majority of gear-cases, it is not possible to see how dirty the chain may be within, and sometimes we have found ourselves going on cheerfully for days and weeks with a chain that must have been more or less

clogged all the while, only that there was no easy means of finding it out. A certain amount of ignorance may be bliss, no doubt, but the theory that this maxim expresses may be carried to an abuse. The celluloid cases have their advantages in this particular, but through them we see not even as through the darkness of a glass—but very dimly—and there remains all the trouble of removing them to get at the chain, and the yet more troublesome necessity of readjusting them after it has been cleaned. The chain that keeps itself most clean, according to our experience, is the Appleby Twin Roller Chain. Some of the brush adjustments are a help to cleanliness, but they must make a slight, though an imperceptible, increase of friction. The twin rollers of the Appleby chain seem somehow to clean each other. It is in all respects an excellent chain, and has a nice appearance. But, after all, the merit of a gear-case, that nothing can ever take from it, is that, having it, you can always take it off. Like London, that is sometimes praised as a residence—because it is such an easy place to get out of—so you can always get out of your gear-case if you do not like it; and thus your condition is, at least, as satisfactory as if it had never been. Also, you can always put it on again; so, on the whole, there is no serious harm in having one, seeing how easily you can be quit of it.

Sydenham seems rather likely to get its proposed covered track. Whether the track, if made, will pay the expenses of its making and covering in and keeping in repair, is quite another story, though, no doubt, its advocates believe it all to be part of one and the same. It is to be supposed that a certain number of people will pay for the pleasure of being allowed to ride round on it when rain has made uncovered tracks unrideable, but the name of those who will pay for this privilege is not likely to be legion.

A certain number of people, too, will pay to look on at races, but to make cycle racing attractive, it has been proved, again and again, that it needs to show your spectators the best that is to be had. They will not pay to see anything less good. And to get the best you have to pay them good money, so that even these exhibitions are not all net profit. Moreover, a time must come—and surely it must even now be near at hand—when the limit of human powers in the way of speed on cycles will be reached. There still remains an element of interest in the attempts of men to squeeze yet another mile and yet another lap into an hour; but the time must come when the hour will cease to be any further elastic under human pressure. Someone, Michael, or Stocks, or



Photo. Thomas, OLD MILLS AT COBHAM. Copyright.

Platt-Betts, will reach finality—at the moment of writing, we believe the first named has succeeded in squeezing the hour the tightest, but by the time of going to press, it is likely enough that one of the others will have gone one better than him—and then, when the record holds its own, and Time, shrunken small though he be, still remains undefeated, the interest even in the best cycle racing will not be maintained at its present not immoderate height. All these considerations may be worthy of the attention of the good people of Sydenham before they commit themselves to the rather important outlay that the proposed covered track must require.

The Sheen House Club at Richmond is getting on very well with its cycling polo, and the dangerous game is rapidly increasing its popularity. There are even experts' games and games of novices, the latter being likely to provide much amusement for the onlooker, and a certain amount of employment for the honourable faculty of surgery. Accidents on the whole, however, it must be confessed, are far fewer than seemed probable, and of grave accidents there have been none, so far. The ladies have been very conspicuous by their ability, and the quickness and grace of their turns. Likely enough the make of their cycles, without the bar that men bestride, lends itself better to quick turning. At all events, in those games that this writer has seen, the ladies have shone not only by their quick and clever riding, but also by their certainty in striking. Surely this is a better game than that which the Americans showed us, in which they sent the ball along by butting it with the front wheel, using no stick. Cycling polo is certain to become a popular game with the rising generation, even if its difficulty, and undoubted risks, make it slow in commanding itself to our generation already risen. We must always remember that our present cycling is probably in a very elementary stage. Few of us have learned our cycling in childhood, the age intended by Nature for the learning of every art; but those who are just coming out of the stage of childhood have picked up bicycling almost as easily as walking and running, and will be almost as quick and sure on their cycles as on their ten toes. So, if the risks of cycling polo are really not very considerable now, we may expect that they will be reduced to a small

minimum in the next generation, and, apart from its risks, there can be no question of the delightfulness of the game.

Only a week or two ago we had occasion to point out how fact had confirmed our suggestion made in these notes of the usefulness of the bicycle to the keeper for the apprehension of the poacher. Later the newspapers have been full of the description of the pursuit and capture of a thief in London streets by a cyclist. Certainly the cycle is transforming the conditions of our modern life in various unexpected directions.

The proprietors of hotels along our highways will do well to take note of a recent article in the *Field*. The writer very rightly urges that, though the cyclist has brought life back to the naturally defunct hosteries of the coaching days, still it depends on the hosts themselves to keep that custom thus unexpectedly restored to them. What the cyclist wants, the writer points out, is not a bar for alcoholic drinks, but some solid refreshment, quickly served, and something wholesome and digestible to wash it down with. The ordinary inn supplies the alcohol quickly and plentifully, but the solid food with slow difficulty, or not at all, and the digestible drink scarcely at all. No doubt it only needs to point out to the hotel-keepers the direction in which their true interests lie. They will be glad enough to move in it; and cyclists will do well to bring this article in the *Field* to their notice. It is in the issue of October 16th.

One of these old inns that we shall shortly miss is the Brockley Jack, in Kent, familiar to many a cyclist and a picturesque survival. But it is doomed, together with the quaintly deformed old tree on which its sign is slung, and probably something hideously convenient, with every new improvement, will take its place.

Twenty minutes means a good long way in cycle racing, especially in tandem racing, and it is a big slice out of the time in which a hundred miles can be covered; but it is by just a little more than that that James of Cardiff and Nelson of Tottenham beat the previous best time for a hundred miles on a tandem at the Crystal Palace the other day, doing the full distance in three hours and a fraction over twenty-six minutes! It is wonderful going. To be just to the record that they displaced, it should be said that it was made by amateurs.

CROSSING THE WATER.



Photo. by C. Reid.

EMBARKING.

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THIS is beyond question a happy picture of a scene from kennel life in that district of which the song has it: "The oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree, They flourish at home in the North Country." The season is clearly the latter end of summer, though the day is not far distant when the sound of the horn will be heard in the chill autumn morning, and cubs will be rattled up and down the covert, and hounds blooded. It is for exercise, most likely, that the staunch hounds are going to be ferried across that dark broad stream which looks so peaceful now, though the uprooted tree on the right tells a silent story of irresistible floods in winter. Note the master on that picture of a sturdy cob. He knows that, if the eye of the owner makes the horse grow fat, that same eye is no less influential in preserving the welfare of the kennel. He loves his bounds, and

they, in their turn, know and love him. See the hound with outstretched neck and raised head greeting him so plainly that one can almost hear the loud-throated music echoing down the valley, and that old and dark-coated veteran who stands by his side, looking sideways at his companions of the kennel. None of them, it seems to me, like the prospect of crossing the river, for their sterns are depressed, and the odds are that Jack, the wiry light-weight of a whip who is stooping near the boat, will have to lift many a one of them over the gunwale. But they will be gay and eager enough in all conscience when they are away on the other side. What memories of the past, and what hopes for the future, that picture calls up. They are memories of runs that were in their actuality full of excitement and enjoyment, real exploits of horse and man and hound; and how much

reater, more exciting, and deliriously enjoyable those runs grew in the telling, for, as Sir Walter Scott, who was himself not without skill in hunting the hill fox, never came across a good story without sending it on, as he said, with a hat and stick, so every hunting story grows more complete as it grows older. For the hopes, they may or may not be realised shortly; for they are hopes of sailing over the grass fields, of driving through the bullfinch, of negotiating bank or stone wall with the help of a clever hunter from the island across the Irish Sea. But, after all, the cream of the fun will be obtained in watching the dashing hounds work; for in the working of hounds, particularly when they are not meddled with too much, there are many strange and wonderful points to be observed. The foxhound seems built for stout-

ness and speed combined; indeed, it is a commonplace of canine observation that no living creature combines these qualities in equal perfection. But he needs an intelligent head no less than his long, sloping shoulders, his straight and strong forelegs, his round, hard feet, his wide muscular back, his powerful hind-quarters, and his great development of muscle in the thigh. For he must use his sense as well as his powers of scent, must know how to hunt without instruction, must cast forward instinctively when the scent is lost. In a word, he must be a mighty hunter; and he is hunter and chorus-singer too. As there is no sight more invigorating than of the pack streaming over grass and plough, so there is no music in the world like the melodious outburst from the throats of hounds in full cry.

THE KENNEL: Some Ladies' Dogs.

AS an admirer of Collies, Mrs. Henry Armstrong, of Chester-le-Street, ranks second to none. Indeed, ever since she was quite a child she has never been without a Collie, but it was not until after her marriage, in 1886, that Mrs. Armstrong became the proud possessor of a prize-winner. Her husband's successes with his wonderful Retrievers fired her to emulation, and of course she entered the lists with her own particular favourite, the Collie. Her first winner was the sable and white Nell of Ruthven—one of Miss Harvey's, of Auchterarder—and though it was not a "flyer," it was a very graceful specimen, and won at several shows.

Nell was succeeded in turn by the well-known Ormskirk Goldie, La Mascotte II., and Sir Elsinore, a dog of the loveliest golden sable, and withal an exceptionally affectionate disposition. This is the dog who wickedly "ate his coat up" the night before Cruft's Show, where his mistress had hoped, and not without some reason, to carry all before her. Sir Elsinore, in full bloom and groomed to perfection, was sent off to bed, after many admiring glances from his mistress, who was to start early in the morning with her favourite for London. The morning duly came, and Sir Elsinore was let out, when, to her amazement, he romped into the breakfast-room minus all hair on his haunches, and as bare in places as a clipped Poodle.

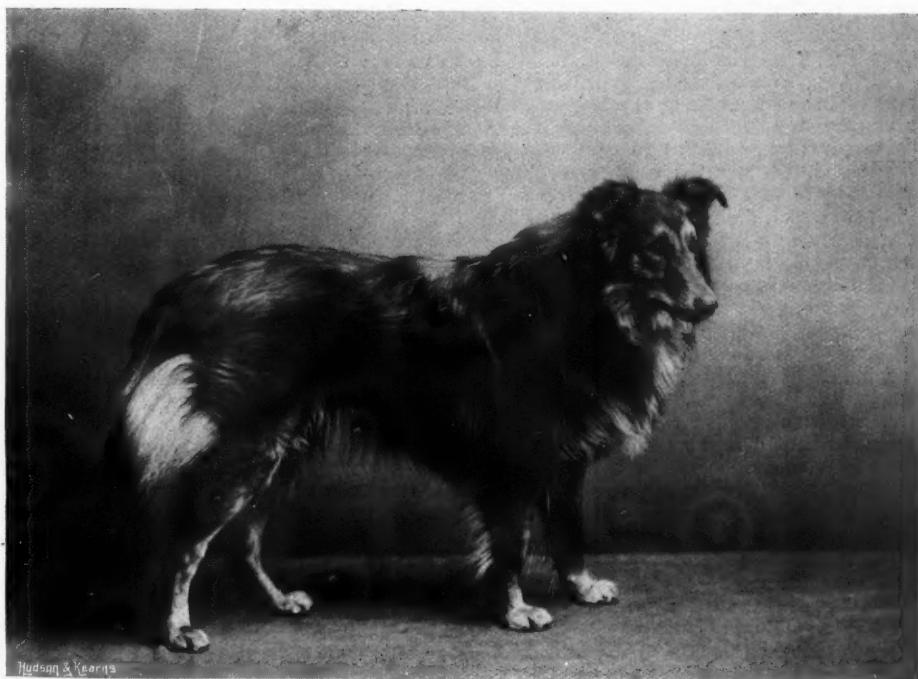


Photo. by Edward G. Brewis,

HEATHER MINT.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

no show for Sir Elsinore, and his mistress was more than disappointed; and I venture to say that none of his later achievements have ever recompensed her for that untimely clip.

The ill-fated and beautiful Enchantress was another of her dogs, and to replace her Mrs. Armstrong secured, at the end of last year, the sensational puppy HEATHER MINT, which in its first ten months won some dozen firsts. A cup for best in show was awarded to Heather Mint at Glasgow. She bears a marked likeness to her illustrious grandsire, Champion Southport Perfection, and is a beautiful dark-sable of good size and "racy" build. Her head is long and shapely, her ears are well carried, and her eyes are full, with a very intelligent expression. I believe that Mr. Robert Chapman, from whom Heather Mint was purchased, considers her the best Collie of her sex in Britain.



Photo. by T. Fall,

TRAFAVGAR.

Baker Street.



Photo. R. L. Simpson,

GOBBO.

Kirkby Lonsdale.

At Cruft's, this year, where Heather Mint attracted much attention, she won no fewer than three firsts and several specials. At Leicester this was followed by several prizes, and at the Scottish Collie Club Show at Glasgow she won two firsts and various specials. Then, at the Collie Club Show at the Crystal Palace, she was again the winner of firsts and the L.K.A. special for best Collie owned by a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association, to which Mrs. Armstrong belongs.

GOBBO, Lady Henry Bentinck's little "Aberdeen Terrier," made his bow to the public at the Botanic Gardens Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association. Gobbo is a Terrier from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and lacks no single characteristic of his thoroughbred Scottish extraction. He weighs a bare 9lb., is long and low in body, with a hard coat of a dark iron grey, and in addition he is a charming companion, and, even for a Terrier, curiously tactful, for, as his mistress says, "he knows exactly the right thing to do and the right time to do it." Gobbo accompanies either Lord or Lady Henry Bentinck with eager alacrity in all their excursions, whether on foot or driving, and, above all, when going to a meet. Indeed, Gobbo is a most ardent sportsman, a genuine little worker, and as keen as keen can be.

Having so many virtues in private life, it was very pleasant to find him so successful at the Ladies' Show, where he romped in an easy first, and would have won the Premiership had only his owner been qualified to compete. Both the Hon. Mrs. Baillie and the Hon. Miss Pomeroy have young families of puppies by Master Gobbo, and much is expected of them.

TRAFALGAR, the smooth St. Bernard, began his show career coincidentally with the inauguration of the Ladies' Kennel Association, for I think it was at the Palace Show of 1894 that this noble specimen of a noble breed made his puppy *début*. At any rate, that was the first show of any consequence at which he had been shown. Since then Mrs. Stephens has rarely shown Trafalgar without carrying off a prize; not always a first, it is true, but rarely missing a second. Mrs. Jagger, that unerringly true judge of the breed, thinks very highly of Trafalgar, and Mrs. Stephens has had many offers for her favourite, but she prefers to keep him, as she says, "for her very own." The portrait by Mr. Fall is excellent, alike both of owner and of dog.

Surely there could hardly be any prettier picture than that of little Miss Minnie Carrington with her Blenheim Spaniel, OFFORD PRINCE, one of the unsuccessful competitors among the Toy Spaniels at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show. To judge from the dog's photograph, I should say that size and



Hudson & Keeney.

Photo. by T. Fall, OFFORD PRINCE. Baker Street.

want of spot are the main faults that lost Offord Prince a prize at the Botanic. The Blenheim Spaniel, always a favourite as a home pet, promises once more to become a centre of attraction in the show-ring, for I hear that the Duke of Marlborough intends exhibiting some of his own Blenheims at the forthcoming show at the Earl's Court Exhibition, in December, in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. I am heartily glad to hear it, for it seems to me a real pity that all favours should go to pretty foreigners. Of late the piquant Japanese Spaniel has almost entirely ousted the beautiful English Toy, and while admitting all the excellence and the infinite charms of the Jap, I should like to see our own old-fashioned favourites more popularly bred and better cared for in show schedules.

An interesting group at the Summer Show was one of which the picture is given herewith. It is of the Misses Brunner, with their choice prize-winning curly Poodles, PIERRETTE JACKSON, CHIFFON JACKSON, and TOUPET. Chiffon, which won second novice, is a black curly. Pierrette, the lavender Poodle, and Chiffon are of the same litter, and both are the children of Toupet. Pierrette was not so successful at the Botanic Gardens as she was the previous year at Holland Park, but still she secured good prizes, and Toupet, her dam, won a first to recompense her mistress, who was not at all pleased to see her favourite put back. Pierrette certainly never looked better; her shaven back was like exquisitely watered lavender silk, it was in such bloom. A.S.R.



Photo. T. Fall, PIERRETTE JACKSON, CHIFFON JACKSON, AND TOUPET. Baker Street.

AN AUTUMN DAY ON THE MOORS.

TO the Nature-loving sportsman a moorland country, with its romantic scenery, vast solitudes, invigorating air, and ever-varying changes of colouring, possesses an indescribable charm at all seasons of the year. On a bright October day, when the air is still redolent of the dying summer, although the nights are frosty, a ramble across the moors, even when a walking-stick takes the place of rod or gun, is never devoid of interest. The sky is

cloudless, the sun shines brightly in the east, and just above the western hills can be faintly discerned the pale disc of the moon in a setting of light blue. Leaving the cultivated valley behind, we climb up a narrow lane that leads towards the brown heather and yellow bracken that clothe the moor edge, pausing ever and anon to turn and admire the glorious view at our feet. The dale is thickly wooded, and at infrequent intervals we can discern the isolated

farmhouses or tiny villages embosomed in trees ; the fields are bathed in the warm sunshine that gleams on the yellow stubbles and whitening pastures, and softens the harsh grey tones of the stone-built and stone-slabbed roofs of the villages. Cattle and sheep are grazing peacefully in meadow and pasture, the blue smoke hangs over the housetops, and the river winds its erratic course through the valley, at places showing a wide margin of white shingle, or glistening and sparkling as the sunlight flickers on the surface of the shallows. In the deeps, fringed by willow, oak, and ash, there is a deeper band of shadow on the motionless water that reflects each passing cloudlet, with not a ripple to break its surface. On the hillside are plantations of larch and Scotch fir, the serrated edges sharply defined against the pale blue sky. A village further up the valley stands out clearly on the rising ground, flanked by the ruined turrets of an old-time castle, past which we catch a glimpse of a string of sheeted thoroughbreds returning from exercise. Still further up the dale is another old castle, the sun lighting up its grey walls against the dark brown heather beyond. Close at hand the sun gleams on the russet browns and golden yellows of birch and ash, and filters through the foliage, casting chequered light and shade on the withering undergrowth. The Scotch firs, with their scaly-red trunks, stand motionless, the pine needles tinged with blue, like the bloom of a ripe sloe. Clumps of ferns are browning on the edge of the covert, and a late cluster of honeysuckle is drooping over a tangled mass of brambles, where the purple berries gleam amidst green and crimson foliage, with a sentinel-like foxglove still bearing a few pink bells.

We lounge here a few minutes under the shade of a big beech, the brown leaves of which come faintly rustling down to form a carpet of withered foliage at our feet. Sheltered from every breath of air by the wall-bounded plantation at our back, we bask in the warm sunshine, drinking in the pure air that invigorates mind and body, and charmed with those glorious effects of light and shade that can only be seen in a moorland district. Finishing the cigarette, we move on again, still climbing upwards until we reach the brow of the hill, and get our first view of the wide-spreading moorland, separated from us only by a little valley, through which runs a tiny beck. Crossing the beck on the stepping-stones placed there for the purpose, we pause a few seconds to admire the little wooded ghyll that to-day is clothed in every tint of russet brown, the vivid greens of a few scattered whin bushes, and patches of short grass near the water, contrasting strongly with the bronzing bracken, the darker browns of the heather, the yellowing foliage of the birch, and the vivid reds and crimson of the mountain ash, denuded already of its clusters of berries. Close at hand is the last farmhouse on this side of the moor, standing gaunt and solitary, built, as is usual in this district, of stone, and roofed also with slabs of the same material, but its harsh outlines are softened by the sunlight. Across a rough pasture, where the coarse grass is interspersed with patches of heather and clumps of rushes, and the stone wall dividing the open moor from the allotments is reached. The road is rough and rugged, yet it is the only road connecting the house and farm with the next valley across the moor. Climbing a slight hill, we get once more a full view of the main valley, and then, sinking the incline, bid adieu to civilisation, and find ourselves surrounded on all sides by the heather-clad moorland,

which stretches away for miles on either side until it blends with the horizon. Wandering slowly onwards, breathing the pure crisp air, we get still further into the heart of the moorlands. All around us is the brown heather, broken at places by dark black spaces of burnt ground, with tufts of coarse grass or patches of yellow bracken. Sometimes the sun gleams like silver on an isolated rush-fringed pool, or lingers on the crimson leaves of the marsh grasses. At places, too, the grey limestone crops out of the heather, or a trickling stream like a silver thread winds its way down a hillside. The sun casts grotesque shadows in every hollow, and the now cloud-flecked sky causes the darker outlines of the faint clouds to pass slowly across the moorland. All is absolutely silent ; not even the hum of insect life to break the awful silence, not a sign of life—all is still and motionless. No purple sea of heather, nor flickering, dancing mirage, nor the indescribable murmur of insects that haunts the moor in summer time. The moor is a harmony of browns washed with pink, as the faded blossoms of the heather still cling to the parent stems.

Then we come upon a cluster of gigantic rocks jutting out from the hillside, whilst scattered about in the immediate vicinity are isolated big blocks of limestone surrounded by heather, and giving one the impression that they had been cast there by giants at play. Again basking in the hot sunshine, we watch the passing lights and shadows, and recall the mad gallop across the rough moorland pastures when, with hounds close to his brush, a moor fox sought and gained the refuge of these rocks. Then we gaze at the line of butts on the sky-line, and memory flies back to the last day's grouse driving in August, and we can distinguish No. 3, where we picked up twenty-one birds as the result of one drive. A flash, followed by a slight report, and we see that to-day the butts are occupied, and we can leisurely watch the sport. Other flashes of flame, followed after an interval by the faint reports of the nitros, or the louder boom of someone still conservative enough to use black powder, and a big pack of birds, gradually getting larger as they approach, swerve off to the right. We can just distinguish the birds as they reach the butts—see some collapse in mid-air, others struggle on hard hit, or a bird "towers" and falls a hundred yards behind. Then the shots become less frequent, and the sun glances on the red and white flags of the beaters as they top the hill, the guns leave the butts, the dogs are searching for dead and wounded grouse, whilst the beaters trudge away in Indian file to bring in the next drive, the guns also strolling quietly round the shoulder of the hill towards the next line of butts. The air becomes colder even in the sunshine, and the shadows lengthen as once more we walk onwards towards the other dale, where, on the very fringe of the moorland, we expect to find the dogcart waiting our arrival. The beck runs through the valley, and the sight of it brings pleasant reminiscences of days in May and June, when trout were rising freely as we fished quietly up the water, casting lightly over every likely stream and eddy. Replete with memories of pleasant hours with horse and hound, gun and rod, the ramble across the loved moors has been a health-giving pleasure, and in the future who shall say how often, even in crowded streets, the sight of a sprig of heather will in fancy take us back once more to an autumn day on the Yorkshire moors ?

ARDAROS.

OXEN AT THE PLOUGH.

THE views of ox-teams engaged in farm work given herewith were taken in Sussex. The land on which they labour is the heavy clay of the Weald, to cultivate which the heaviest ploughs and waggons have to be used, and only draught animals of great power and weight can be successfully employed. For all purposes—drawing loaded waggons, ploughing, harrowing, and at hay-cart—teams of the red oxen shown in the illustrations are in daily use. The scene of the six-ox plough shows the vigour and "go" with which the horned teams furrow the hard and heavy land. On the ground already ploughed the great lumps of unyielding clay are evidence of the stubborn nature of the soil. From the picture of the ox-wain starting the reader can gather how the method of harnessing the team is exactly what it was from the most ancient times, the animals being fastened in pairs by double yokes, and pulling by a single chain passing between each yoke of oxen to a pole projecting from the wagon frame. No one from the days of Jason the Argonaut, when he tamed the wild oxen and sowed the dragons' teeth, seems ever to have ploughed with a single ox ; they were only thought of in the dual sense, as so many yoke, or pairs.

The scene is so picturesque, and has such an old-world flavour, that it naturally suggests the question of how these oxen came to be used in Sussex at all, and why people continue to use them still ? We are so completely accustomed to seeing all farm work done by horses that it is difficult to realise that they are comparatively a recent novelty among the live stock of the farm, and that through all the ages of English history, even down till the end of the last century, the ox, and not the horse,



Photo. by R. Newnham,

READY FOR A START.

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did all the work on the agricultural farms of England, just as he does at the present moment in India, and until quite recently did in all corn-growing countries of central and Southern Europe. Mr. W. Housman, in his newly-published work on the breeds and management of cattle, has collected some interesting extracts from English writers of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, who refer, almost as a matter of course, to the paramount importance of breeding cattle for labour—and not, in the first instance, for milk or beef. This took precedence of every other consideration in breeding, management, and the selection of stock. What are now the most celebrated breeds for milk, or beef, were then bred exactly as we breed Shire horses—for the

waggon, the van, and the plough. Thus the Hereford cattle, one of the great sources of our prime English beef, were from 1770 to 1800 "used in many parts chiefly for draught, and it was only after they had discharged this function that they were fattened for the butcher." The capacity of different breeds of cattle for drawing weights, climbing hills, speed, or agility, was then compared just as we now contrast the powers of Shire horses, Clydesdales, or the lighter Suffolk Punches or North Scotch crosses. Thus we find William Marshall, in the "Rural Economy of the West of England," defending the North Devon cattle, on the ground that, "though in size they were somewhat below the desirable point for the heavier works of husbandry, they made up that deficiency in exertion and agility, and were beyond all comparison the *best workers* he had ever seen."

This reference shows the importance attached to the ox as a worker. As the North Devon represented the present light draught horse of the farm, so the Somerset-Devon, the rather larger and lighter-coloured cattle now seen round Chard and the Blackdown Hills, were the medium class. But finest of all were the huge Sussex oxen, used for the deep, tenacious, stoneless clays of the ancient Anderida Forest. The colour of the modern Sussex draught cattle is a deep, rich red, exactly similar to that of the Devon; but formerly there were two breeds: one light, "quiet and fast steppers" — all the old phrases of commendation seem directed to their achievements as beasts of burden—the other the heavy, slow breed. "The speed, labour power, and endurance of the Sussex cattle were remarkable," says Mr. Housman. "Those of the lighter framed, more active, and, according to tradition, the purer breed, could almost rival horses in the amount of their daily work, and perhaps often beat them at dead pulls. Some teams have been known to travel fifteen miles a day, drawing heavy loads, without distress, week after week; and as a proof of speed, a Sussex ox ran on the Lewes race-course four miles in sixteen minutes. Harnessed like horses, they obeyed the rein just as readily as horses."

These are creditable records, even when compared with the performances of the draught oxen and trotting oxen of India, though the Sussex cattle were not *bred* to trot, only to be useful draught animals for the farm. One of the most peculiar results of their employment in this work was the huge size to which the oxen grew. It is no exaggeration to say that we never see now any horned beast so big as these cart oxen when they were commonly used for several years in farm labour. It was the custom to work them till they were six or seven years old, and then fatten them, when they made excellent beef. In these days the great object of the breeder is to produce cattle

BOOKS OF

IT was Du Maurier who set the fashion for introducing into the novel of the day a touch of the supernatural with a view to adding weirdness of interest to the tale, and Miss Violet Hunt has but followed the mode in "Unkist, Unkind" (Chapman and Hall). That she brings in a drunken crystal-gazer and permits her prophecies to be fulfilled with a fine contempt is true, but, for all that, the touch of the mysterious tends to spoil the story, and the success of the book is won in spite of the crystal-gazing business. Miss Hunt's novels always remind me of Hogarth's pictures, not in coarseness, for they are not coarse, but in their merciless drawing, their pitiless severity. Of this almost savage form of portraiture is Sibella Drake, the strange woman in whom the real interest of the book is centred. One feels that the author hated this creature of her imagination with a fierce hatred. She is red-headed, cursed by that bloodless pallor that often goes with hair of that kind, "stridden-eyed," that is to say, with each eye of a different colour, jealous; she is not permitted to have a redeeming feature except her foot, and even on that concession her inventor takes vengeance. The shoe, which has been used as a hammer, after Jael's example, to drive the antique bronze dagger into pretty, pelulant Lady Darcie's temple, is recognised at once as Sibella's by its small size. For the story, it will pass muster; it is full of improbabilities, but it suffices for a gallery of portraits, of which Sibella and Sir Anthony Ercildon, the aristocratic antiquary, are the best. Both, indeed, are powerful presentations. For Lady Darcie and her husband one cannot say so much, for the lady is, to tell the truth, too vulgar for her position and too silly in her freaks, and the manners and language of the husband are such as would ensure his summary expulsion from even the least strict of country houses. There is something of scrappiness, smacking of the periodical, about the whole book. It must be borne in mind, however, that this criticism is addressed to a

which will be fat and fit to kill between two and three years old. We never see an ox of more than three years' growth. But work has a tendency to cause extra growth in the case of oxen, which does not occur when, as occasionally happens, a cow or a bull is so used. Consequently these draught bullocks were giants, and when fed up for market attained weights which would now be regarded as astonishing. They used to be the wonder of the Smithfield Show. Some were exhibited which weighed 1 ton 7 cwt., and this weight showed not in fat but in girth, and especially in height. This difference was common to all breeds of cattle used for draught. In Guernsey the oxen were commonly harnessed and driven in carts. Both bulls and cows in the island were quite diminutive in size, but the working oxen of Guernsey were giants in comparison. They were broken in at the age of three years, and kept at work until eight or ten years old. Then they were fattened, and made excellent beef. When at work they were fed during the day on cut grass or clover, but at night were fastened to stakes, like the is'and cows. When fattened they usually weighed twice as much as the cows, and visitors would not believe that they were



Photo. by R. Newnham.

HARD AT WORK.

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C. J. CORNISH.

THE DAY.

writer who has won her spurs, and with them the title to be judged by a high standard. Faults the book has, no doubt, but it displays great talent and compels rapt attention.

"Lawrence Clavering," by A. E. W. Mason (Innes), hardly deserves to be classed among remarkable books, but it makes pleasant reading, and is far above the ruck of autumnal novels. The ghastly portrait, as of a dead man speaking, with which the scene opens, is the fountain and explanation of the story, for it is painted by Anthony Herbert in Carlisle gaol, while he awaits his trial for treason to William of Orange, and its subject is Lawrence Clavering, whom Herbert believes to have corrupted his wife, and, perhaps, to have betrayed him also. How this comes about cannot be told at length. Suffice it that Clavering, a Jesuit student in Paris and of strong Jacobite proclivities, succeeds to Blackladies, an estate in the Lake Country, and that the news is brought to him by his disinherited cousin, Gervase Rookley, who disguises himself as the estate steward. Gervase really is a common informer. Arrived at Blackladies, Clavering does a little mild Jacobitism in a stupid way—he narrates his own story and does not spare himself—and philanders in a vague and mild fashion with Herbert's wife while Herbert is painting his portrait. Then, Gervase having informed against Clavering, Herbert, who has come to Blackladies to look for his wife, is arrested instead of Clavering, who becomes a fugitive, and as such makes love to a very charming girl in the hill country. Preston Pans, with the charming girl's father as a grotesque Jacobite Don Quixote, is an episode, and after it Clavering, at the trial of Herbert, protests himself to be the real traitor. He is not, however, hanged or beheaded. There are a good many awkwardnesses and impossibilities in the story, but they do not affect the run of it perceptibly, and the verdict "not remarkable, but interesting," may be given with some

confidence of justice. The second girl and Clavering live happily ever afterwards, and the book contains a good deal of promiscuous adventure.

Readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* will learn with pleasure that Mr. C. J. Cornish has collected, under the leading title, "Nights with an Old Gunner" (Seely), some of the pleasant papers on Natural History and Sport combined which have enlivened these columns and those of the *Spectator*. On one point only need one disagree with this keen observer and bright narrator. "The contradiction involved in a liking for field sports and a taste for observing wild animals in their hours of ease is an obvious one," he writes. Is it not rather true that a taste for natural history goes to the making of the true sportsman, and that a love of sport itself tends to foster the pursuit of natural history? Be that as it may, Mr. Cornish carries us with him, whether he is on the East Coast when "the ducks begin to come in like bullets from the sea," and the geese come in "singing—*jubilantes ordine*," or with the old gunner in the nesting-place of the terns, or investigating the nests of the happily multiplying hobby, "our summer falcon," or telling a fish story, or recounting the wonders of Sir Edmund Loder's paradise of acclimated animals at Leonardslee. Mr. Cornish has eyes to see, and he uses them; he has the skill to describe that which he has seen easily, gracefully, and accurately. The love of the open air and of "all creatures great and small" breathes from his every page.

I picked up a booklet on the "Story of Germ Life," by H. W. Conn (George Newnes, Limited), without alacrity, and in obedience to the stern sense of duty. I laid it down with regret. In truth, the natural history of these micro-organisms is intensely interesting. To say that they have added a new terror to life is childish, for the dangerous ones among them have always been present in our midst, and in proportion to our knowledge of them is our ability to combat them. An open enemy is to be preferred to a foe that lurks in ambush. Moreover, as Mr. Conn tells us very pleasantly, bacteria do us many a friendly turn. Without them we should have no vinegar, no indigo blue, no flavour in our tobacco, no flavour in our cheese and butter, no natural scavengers to carry out the natural process of decay in organic matter. Moreover, they are of priceless value to the farmer in producing and reclaiming from the air that nitrogen which is essential to plant life; and there are other methods in which bacteria, working for our good, demonstrate the completeness of scheme of Nature. Another point of interest in this little book is the explanation given of the manner in which "pure cultures" of bacteria can become the slaves of the dairyman, the tobacco manufacturer, and others. One rises with an affection for bacteria, but they are not recommended as pets. In twenty-four hours one will multiply into 16,500,000, if petted; and then you cannot see the flock without a big microscope. A very interesting booklet.

In "The King with Two Faces" (Arnold) Miss M. E. Coleridge gives a romance dating back to the days of Gustav III. of Sweden, that monarch of

double character and tragic end. There is in the book abundance of incident, the political intrigues of the time are skilfully portrayed, we meet familiar personages, such as Gibbon and Madame de Staél, and the real characters who make the story stand out clearly enough. Yet, for some reason or another, the book seems to me to hang fire. That is not merely because it is long, though 400 closely-printed pages make up a solid novel in these days, but mainly, I think, because Miss Coleridge's style is not brisk or nervous, and because her dialogues are sometimes tiresome and liable to read like a translation. So the whole book fails to give the idea of reality to life, and to carry one into another world, as a novel ought to, and the impression left on the mind is of an exciting story told, quite correctly, but without fire, by a person who has read the subject up (admittedly in Mr. Nisbet Bain's book) with all painstaking and conscientious care. In a word, it is a trifle dull; and dullness is a bad fault.

Mr. Edward McNulty once wrote a book called "Mister O'Ryan," but the present writer never set eyes upon it, and "The Son of a Peasant" (Arnold) is his first introduction to Mr. Edward McNulty. The plot is no great matter, though its tragic ending illustrates well the superstitious folly and the cruel disregard for human life which still blemish the character of the Irish peasantry. The virtue of the book is to be found in the acute and merry spirit in which Irish characters are hit off and compelled to talk. Constable Kerrigan, Mr. Flanagan, and Mrs. Grogarty are all perfect in their way, and so, in a pitiful kind of fashion, is the ruined squire, Sir Herbert. No man or woman with a sense of fun can turn over these pages without laughing aloud.

With every desire to be urbane, I find it impossible to say that Mr. Pett Ridge's "Secretary to Bayne, M.P." (Methuen) comes up to my anticipation. Bayne, M.P., is a type portrayed cleverly enough; Garwell, the Cockney blackmailer, is well drawn, and so is Sarah, the East End "slavey." Also there are some good examples of the repartees of Whitechapel; but the whole book is not a success. It reminds me, in its incoherence and want of sequence, of those ladies—often of earnest love and whole-hearted devotion to a cause—who desecrate well-cut gowns by pitchforking them on to their bodies carelessly. Another disappointment has been Miss L. Quiller Couch's "A Spanish Maid" (Service and Paton), which she has, by no means kindly, dedicated "to my teacher." The process is a refinement upon the Old Winchester plan of tunding a new boy's schoolboy tutor if the boy failed to pass his examination in slang, for the impression left by reading this book is that, with proper teaching, the author might make a powerful and interesting novelist. In fact there is power in this volume, and force exhibited in character-drawing and in description. What is wanted, and might be taught, is restraint and strength to resist the temptation to pile up the agony too high. Miss Quiller Couch, it should be added, describes the Cornish Coast to a marvel, and understands the seaside folk thoroughly.

Public School Cricket.—III. Winchester.



Photo. by H. W. Salmon,

WINCHESTER v. ETON.

Winchester.

THE Winchester Eleven, without being a really great school side, did some notable performances during the past season. Apart from their victory over Eton, which they owed principally to their really excellent bowling, their best performances were against Mr. A. J. Webbe's Eleven and Magdalen College. Mr. Webbe's Eleven were an exceptionally powerful team, including H. Philipson, R. T. Jones, H. D. Leveson-Gower, and H. R. Bromley-Davenport, in addition to the captain. Against this powerful side the school, having made 232 for eight wickets, declared their innings closed, and then dismissed eight of their opponents for 141. The match against Magdalen was, curiously enough, left drawn in a very similar position, for after the school had made 202, they got eight Magdalen men out for 139. In each of these matches the Eleven showed that they were capable of playing very sound, good cricket; and that they did not always keep up to this

standard was due largely to one reason—they were so young a side, that they lacked both the experience and the strength to make a consistently dangerous eleven. At times they showed themselves to possess more than average ability, and in another year some of the batsmen, who during this season have but occasionally played good innings, will have to be considered as really fine cricketers. The Wykehamists were captained by A. B. Reynolds, who, in addition to keeping wicket in brilliant style, had all the qualities necessary for a good school captain. There was, also, another reason why the Eleven were not quite as dangerous as they might have been. R. A. Williams, who, in 1896, had done excellent work as bowler and batsman, was not in good health this year, and was consequently unable to fulfil the great promise he had shown. Nevertheless, he performed very well upon several occasions, and there can be no doubt of his great ability as a cricketer.

At the beginning of the season it was expected that the Eleven would be strong in bowling, but for some time the bowlers were not seen to any great advantage. This was partly due to the fact that mistakes were frequent in the field, and it is certain that as the fielding improved the bowlers gained more confidence and met with greater success. Against Eton the bowling was admirable, together with some good batting by E. B. Noel, E. O. Lewin, J. L. Stow, and R. A. Williams, and the excellent wicket-keeping of the captain, Reynolds, practically won the match. L. M. Stevens, when he found a wicket to suit him, was a difficult bowler, and against the Etonians on a soft pitch he took eleven wickets for 68 runs. F. D. Joy, a dangerous left-handed bowler, also did well on occasions, and took five Eton wickets for 67 runs. Perhaps the most reliable bowler on the side was R. C. Hunter, who was a better cricketer than in the previous year.

As regards the prospects for next year, the batting of the team should be really good, as J. L. Stow, R. S. Darling, and S. N. Mackenzie all have a season or more before they leave the school, and, with increasing strength and experience, will doubtless become fine batsmen. F. D. Joy, who was in the Eleven in 1895, but failed to find a place in 1896, will be available next year, and although he is not a reliable bowler, he bowls the kind of ball which may get anyone out at any time.

The Wykehamists began their season with a defeat from the Green Jackets, but as an excuse for them it must be admitted that the first match of the season, played early in May, is scarcely any test of the merits of the side. That this performance was too bad to be true, they promptly proved by the cricket they showed against A. J. Webbe's Eleven, and they had none the worse of their game against University College, as Darling and Lewin had each made over 30 not out when



Photo. by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.
Mr. A. B. REYNOLDS.



Photo. by F. M. Sutcliffe, Whitby.
Mr. E. B. NOEL.

stumps were drawn. Their game against Magdalen we have already mentioned, but the Old Wykehamists found that they could beat their old school by an innings, the display of the Eleven in this match proving that they could not be considered a consistent eleven.

Against the Free Foresters the school did very well indeed, for although their old captain, H. D. Leveson-Gower, made 120 for the Free Foresters, Winchester were only 87 behind, with six wickets in hand, when time was called. In this match E. B. Noel made 50 not out—one of the many useful innings he played during the season. The I Zingari proved too strong for the school, although Gillet and Williams played up well; and a drawn game was the result of the match with the M.C.C.

The Eton match was played on a soft wicket at Eton, and Winchester repeated their victory of last year. In the first innings, Winchester only made 85, J. L. Stow (22) and R. A. Williams (18) being the moderately successful scorers. This total, however, Eton only passed by four runs, and when Winchester had made 177 in their second innings, it was felt that

task in hand; and so it proved, for they were all out for 122, and Winchester won by 51 runs. In the second innings E. B. Noel (51), E. O. Lewin (46), and R. A. Williams (21) batted admirably, while the bowling on both sides was always good, and, at times, very good indeed.

On the whole, the season of 1897 was a satisfactory one for Winchester, for, indeed, no season could be considered unsatisfactory when the great match of the year was won; and as the outlook for the future is bright, James Wootton, the energetic professional to the school, has reason to congratulate himself, and to be congratulated, on the present condition of Winchester cricket.

C. T. S.



Photo. by H. W. Salmon, Winchester.
Mr. R. A. WILLIAMS.

ON THE TRAINING OF HUNTERS.

MANY and fearful are the theories advanced on the education of young horses that are meant to become hunters, while no less numerous and wonderful are the ways in which these abstract principles are carried out. It is only necessary to attend a meet early in the season to see the different methods employed to teach the young idea his business in the hunting field. In fact, every expert may be said to have a system peculiar to himself, and which varies in detail from that employed by others as accomplished as himself. Some men, as soon as a horse is broken to saddle work, take it straightway out hunting, and while its blood is up send it along at anything that comes first, regardless of their own necks or that of the animal they bestride. Others carefully longe a horse over a rail, and then, after it is accustomed to this, get on its back and take it over a few fences. Again, many farmers lead their young uns over the low bars and hedges that are to be found on their land, while some people recommend beginning a hunter's education while still a foal, and before it has left its dam's side. Their method is usually as follows:—They surround the shed in which the mare is fed by a very low gorse hedge, so that every feeding time both animals are compelled to cross this small obstacle, which gradually gets the foal accustomed to leaping. The fence is, of course, made very small at first, and is gradually raised as time goes on. There is yet another way to train hunters, and that is by getting an old horse which thoroughly knows his business to lead the young one over a few made fences in some conveniently situated field, both animals being, of course, ridden.

Each of the ways described has something to recommend it, but the education of a hunter must depend to a great extent on the kind of country. In flying countries, such as the immortal Jorrocks used to describe as of the "cut 'em down and hang 'em up to dry" variety, it is necessary to have a horse that will take his fences at a great pace, while in a cramped country, where many happy places are met with, a hunter is more likely to keep on his legs if ridden slowly at them. In grass countries horses must be trained to jump more like steeple-chasers, while in less favoured localities it is often necessary for a hunter to be capable of leaping from almost a walking pace. In fact, the two kinds of jumping are exactly similar to those employed by men, in the first case, when hurdle racing, in the second, when high jumping.

If a horse is always accustomed to being ridden very slowly at his

fences, he will not take to the other method very readily. In fact, if it was tried, the result would probably be that the animal would either come down or refuse; in any case he would prove to be a very sticky jumper, and lose yards at every fence. Consequently, a horse that is intended to hunt in Leicestershire should receive a very different education to one intended to be used in a plough country that is freely intersected with awkward fences. Once let a horse get into a slow method of jumping, it is the hardest thing in the world to get him out of it, for this reason—as soon as a horse has learnt to jump in proper form a low post and rails, he should be ridden out hunting, and then, while his blood is up, he should be ridden at a good fair pace over a series of fences which are not too high, for if he got a bad fall at a big place whilst still inexperienced it might do him irrecoverable harm by destroying, to a great extent, his nerve.

There are some horses that even from the first never seem to jump in "sticky" manner, and even when ridden slowly at their fences will always spread themselves well, while there are others which, unless hustled along, will almost stop before coming to a jump. This generally brings disaster should there be a wide ditch on the landing side. However well a young horse appears to jump, he should never be ridden at a very broad ditch until his rider can be nearly sure that he will not refuse, for should he stop while his blood is up he is scarcely likely to take it afterwards; and when he once finds himself master of the situation, he will as likely as not try the same experiment when occasion again offers. On the other hand, if he is ridden at small fences, and should then happen to refuse, he can be compelled to jump them, whether he wishes to or not, but in the case of a broad ditch he cannot be made to take it properly when once put out of his stride, and if he was forced to he would in all probability fall into it, and cause no end of trouble should the bottom be at all boggy.

When the education of a hunter is commenced at home, some low bars should be erected, sufficiently strong to prevent him breaking them, while side wings should also be put up to stop him from turning and galloping past the rails. Some gorse may also be used to interlace between the bars and also at the sides. The first thing to do is to longe him with long reins over the fence, and then he may be ridden over it. The chief thing to remember while he is being

trained in this way is, to use the words of a well-known old horse-breaker, to "be uncommon quiet with him," for if he is flurried he will either try to rush through the obstacle, or else refuse altogether. If well handled, after a short time he will get to like jumping, and will soon become as steady as an eight year old hunter when taking his fences.

Before a horse can be said to be a perfect hunter, there are numerous other little things for him to learn. For instance, he must be handy when his rider wishes to open a gate; in this respect young Irish horses are, generally speaking, very bad, for gates are conspicuous by their absence in the Emerald Isle, but it is, after all, merely a matter of time and patience to get a horse

accustomed to this work. Again, quietness is everything, for should he be spurred or hit, awkward consequences may follow, because not only will he get to be afraid of the sight of a gate, but many instances have also been known of horses trying to jump the gate under these circumstances, which, of course, must bring disaster. Few young horses care at first to have a whip cracked near them, and it is of little use attempting to do so when they are brought fresh out of the stable, but the opportunity should be seized when coming home after a day's hunting, as they are then more amenable to discipline. In conclusion, it may be safely said that there are very few horses indeed that cannot be made into useful hunters if they are only properly handled from the commencement.

HELIOS.

DUCK SHOOTING AT TRING.

IN fulfilment of a long-standing engagement, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Lord Rothschild at Tring Park in the latter half of last month. The visit was to have taken place last year, but had to be postponed through the illness of a member of Lord Rothschild's family. A very general desire was shown by the townspeople and residents to celebrate the event in a fitting manner, and a committee of local gentlemen undertook the arrangement of the street decorations.

These were tasteful and elaborate, while the illuminations in the evening were splendid, the centre of attraction being, of course, the entrance gate of Tring Park. The handsome foliated wrought-iron gates were lined out with beautifully coloured electric lights, in the centre of each gate being immense medallions of superbly coloured crystal prisms bearing the word "Welcome." On the walls of the estate office and the Lodge were also soft-coloured electric lights, the whole presenting a fairy-like and dazzling appearance. The Constitutional Club was rendered very attractive, the character of the illuminations being the same as on the Jubilee. Of the private illuminations, the palm must be awarded to Mr. David Hart, of the Bell, where a magnificent illumination of crystal prisms in the shape of the Prince of Wales's feathers attracted considerable notice.

The Prince left Euston by the 5 p.m. train, arriving at Tring Station about 5.51, accompanied by many distinguished guests, among whom were the Duchess of Albany, the Duke



Photo. J. T. Newman. THE ROTHSCHILD WATER-FOWL PRESERVES.

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and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Lord Peel, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Lady Randolph Churchill, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and others. Upon the arrival at the station, the party, who were met by Lord Rothschild, received a hearty reception while taking their seats.

On Monday the whole party left Tring Park about 10 a.m. for the reservoirs, where there was excellent sport, the wild ducks being in fine condition, and very numerous. Shooting commenced at Marsworth reservoir, and later an adjournment was made to Wilstone reservoir.

The reservoirs occupy the highest available ground on the course of the Grand Junction Canal, and collect the surface waters from the surrounding high grounds to aid some strong natural springs for the supply of the canal in both a northerly and southerly direction. The waters are rented by Lord Rothschild for the fishing—which is strictly preserved—and the rearing of flocks of wild fowl. Both the fish and the ducks furnish capital sport. Probably the fishing is as good as, if not better than, any within the same distance from London. In the season permission is given to anglers to fish there, and tickets are granted from the estate office.

The wild ducks of Wilstone afford most excellent sport, and as they are thoroughly well fed on barley meal by a staff of keepers specially employed to protect the waters from poachers, and do not have to seek their own living among the small denizens of the reservoirs, as other less fortunate wild fowl have to do, their flesh is perfectly free from any of the usual fishy flavour. A Tring wild duck is the most highly esteemed of all such birds.



Photo. by J. T. Newman,

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE.

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ON THE GREEN.

BOTH our open and our amateur champions continue playing in a way that is worthy of their reputation. Mr. Hilton has again been doing great things at Hall Road, and Mr. Travers Allan has more lately made a new record for the Mortonhall green, near Edinburgh. The previous best was 71 by Mr. W. B. Taylor, quondam champion of Ireland, but Mr. Allan, in course of a three-ball match with Mr. Franklin Ross and Mr. J. Livingstone, was round in a stroke better. Curiously, in a number just to hand of *Harper's Weekly*—the American journal—there is an article on "Three-Ball Matches" by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in which he points out how often records have been made and lowered in course of playing a match of this nature. Mr. Allan's score at Mortonhall comes as a very appropriate comment on his remarks.

There were no very remarkable scores at the meeting of the Royal Wimbledon Club, but play on the first day was made rather more than usually difficult by a fog so thick that a man could hardly see where he had to go to, nor could he see his ball when it had gone there. Under the circumstances, perhaps, the score of 87, at which Mr. Norman Foster and Mr. F. E. Faithfull tied for the first scratch medal, was not so far out of the way. It is always to be said, too, that the course was stretched out to its longest by putting back the tees and other familiar devices. The handicap on the first, the foggy, day, fell to Mr. H. E. Cater, with 92—12=80. The second day, the Saturday, was quite a different day, with warm sunshine, yet, singularly enough, the scores showed no general improvement. Mr. Foster, indeed, playing with commendable steadiness, bettered by a couple of strokes his previous day's score, and again won the scratch medal with 85, Mr. Arthur Molesworth coming close after him with 86. But the best handicap score, returned by Mr. H. H. Batten, with 93—12=81, was a stroke above the best nett return of the Thursday. Mr. A. N. Morley played steadily, being second on the nett list each day.

At Ashdown Forest Mr. C. L. Reader won the Yewhurst Clubs for best scratch score, and also the handicap, starting from scratch. His return of 80 was a very sound one, seeing it was made on the long course on which the professionals had been competing early in the week, and which none of them could compass, even in two rounds, in less than 76.

At the Royal North Devon Club's October meeting no score was returned below Mr. P. Winterscale's 87, Major Pigott winning the handicap medal very easily with a gross 88 and nett 79. The next to the latter on the nett list was Colonel Templeman at 87.

At Tooting Bec a contest took place between a team of "Musicians," under Mr. Dalgety Henderson's leadership, and a team of "Actors," captained by Mr. Rutland Barrington. Both singles and foursomes were well fought, the musicians winning the former by 28 holes to 23, but the actors taking their revenge in the foursomes by the narrow difference of two holes to one.

LITERARY NOTES.

"I'll be in speaking liberal as the air :
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak."

Spoke Emilia to Iago, and with these words Mistress Sarah Grand ushers into the world "The Beth Book," of which Mr. William Heinemann is the fortunate publisher; fortunate, I say, not merely in the financial sense—for it would not be surprising to find that our outspoken author could be as acute in matters financial as Beth in dealing with her caricature of a husband—but because, despite many faults, the book itself is evidence that Mistress Grand has something of wild and undisciplined genius. These lines of mine are but a foreword, since this considerable achievement by a woman of proved strength, this novel written with half-a-dozen purposes, must be treated with more particularly in the future; but in the case of a book certain to be widely read, and assured of the notoriety which follows upon violent controversy, my readers are entitled to expect a few preliminary words. Emilia's declaration need not greatly alarm. Although a number of unpleasant subjects, such as Lock hospitals and vivisection and sexuality and vulgar intrigues with maid-servants are discussed, the tone of treatment is pathological rather than passionate, and vice, painted in the ugliest colours, presents no alluring features. Much ill-informed nonsense is also printed with regard to literary style. But all that is by the way. Beth, "a woman of genius," is the central figure, and the genius of the woman who creates Beth is proved to demonstration by the fact that Beth, as she lives and speaks, is a genius. In fact, in spite of the sadness of her life, Beth the child is quite the shrewdest, most humorous and incisive creature I have happened upon in the course of reading. Whatever may be said of the book, Beth herself is a masterpiece.

To a letter recently addressed by a young gentleman rejoicing in the name of Stuart Erskine to *Literature* may be awarded the prize for sheer simplicity of vanity. A manuscript has been returned to him from a publishing house with a note to the effect that the "reader cannot advise publication"; in which the reader was probably quite right. But Mr. Stuart Erskine is of another mind: "It is a monstrous thing that a gentleman's MS." (mark the italics, which are mine) "should be subjected to the indignity of being sat on . . . by some coxcomb reader." Surely carelessness has made me place the italicised words in the wrong order; but no, that is what Mr. Stuart Erskine seems to have written. Then our gentleman goes on to say that we ought to know something about these readers, "since our critics in the Press are all known to us."

Now nonsense of this sort makes the blood of an old literary hand fairly boil. To start with, save where pains are taken to expedite the rolling of the log, or where personal spite betrays itself, the writer criticised cannot track the critic to his lair in five cases out of a hundred, and long experience of irritable authors has shown me that their guesses after the identity of their reviewers are usually remarkable for eccentricity of aim. In the second place, all authors of established position will unite in telling Mr. Stuart Erskine that his whining tone, no less than his schoolboy impudence of language, is not consonant with the dignity of the order in which, by using the expression "our critics," he seems to claim membership. A publisher, my good young gentleman, is not necessarily a philanthropist, but he is usually a person of considerable taste, who knows the tendencies of that vulgar but indispensable institution the book market; and he employs gentlemen, not coxcombs, usually of a very high order of intellectual attainment, in the same way as wine merchants or tea merchants employ tasters—to judge the quality of the wares submitted to them. I have known many such, and so, probably, has Mr. Stuart Erskine; but they do not talk about their work much. They are not infallible—witness the difficulty which many famous men and women have met in obtaining recognition; but

great men do not whine in the public Press, they go elsewhere; and when you have gone the round without success it is a capital plan to burn the universally rejected MS.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Beth Book," Sarah Grand. (Heinemann.)
- "Life and Letters of Endymion Porter," Dorothea Townshend. (Unwin.)
- "A Cornish Parish," Canon Hammond. (Skeffington.)
- "Last Studies," Hubert Crackanhorpe. (Heinemann.)
- "A Handful of Silver," L. T. Meade. (Olivian.)
- "An Artist's Letters from Japan," John Lafage. (Unwin.)
- "A Villain of Parts," B. P. Neuman. (Harper.)
- "The Career of Candide," G. Paston. (Chapman and Hall.)

LOOKER-ON.

Right of Mooring Yachts.

THE case of The Attorney-General *v.* Wright, which was heard in the month of April last before the late Mr. Justice Cave, and the subsequent appeal against his Lordship's decision, is one which, having regard to its importance to yachtsmen, fishermen, and all who navigate home waters, has not received the public attention it deserves.

Briefly stated, the cause of action was this. Some four or five years back "General" Booth, in the carrying out of his "Submerged Tenth" scheme, acquired what is known as the Hadleigh Ray Fishery, *i.e.*, the right of fishing for and laying down mussels, cockles, and other shell-fish on a portion of the foreshore at Leigh, in Essex, in the estuary of the Thames. This fishery was sub-leased to a Billingsgate fish salesman, a Mr. T. M. Wright. In the latter part of 1894 Mr. Wright made a demand for a rent or toll in respect of yachts and boats moored at Leigh. A public meeting was called of yachtsmen, fishermen, and inhabitants interested in Leigh and the yachting and boating thereat. It was resolved to approach Mr. Wright in a friendly manner, and if it were found that he was entitled to such rent, to pay the same without demur. The position taken up by those whose interests were threatened was dignified and courteous. The immediate result was that Mr. Wright did not then press his claim. In August, 1895, the solicitors of "General" Booth took the matter up, and wrote, in Mr. Wright's name, to several of the yachtsmen demanding the removal of the moorings, or, in the alternative, an annual payment of £1 in respect of each craft. The yachtsmen and fishermen, believing this to be a mere attempt to create a rental in respect of the foreshore, resisted this claim, but, being anxious to avoid litigation, offered to refer the matter to arbitration, or to submit a special case, by consent, for the opinion of the Court. Here again the position taken up was admirable, but every offer that they made for arriving at a permanent settlement of the question was rejected, and Mr. Wright, by his servants, proceeded, and continued, to cast adrift all the craft by lifting the moorings, to the great danger, not only of the craft themselves, but of all persons navigating the River Thames. Such a gross violation of immemorial rights could not, of course, be tolerated, as whatever rights the lease conferred on its holder, it was quite clear he was not entitled to take the law into his own hands. The aggrieved parties consequently brought an action against Mr. Wright, and an interim injunction against a repetition of the casting adrift was granted by Mr. Justice Hawkins. The case subsequently came on for hearing in April, before the late Mr. Justice Cave and a special jury, with the result that, in accordance with the verdict of the jury, his Lordship granted a perpetual injunction restraining the defendant from interfering with or casting adrift the craft at Leigh. Hitherto all that had been done in the matter had been done in the name of Mr. Wright, but the fact that Mr. Wright's solicitors had retired from the case, and that he was represented by "General" Booth's solicitors, was presumptive evidence that, though the nominal defendant was Mr. Thomas M. Wright, the moving spirit in the affair was "General" Booth. At this point the "General" revealed himself by supporting Mr. Wright in appeal against Mr. Justice Cave's decision. The result was that the Court of Appeal, consisting of the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices A. L. Smith and Rigby, not only confirmed the decision of the Court below and dismissed the appeal with costs, but the law and the rights of yachtsmen with regard to moorings on the foreshore of this country were clearly laid down. The judgment delivered by Lord Esher was a masterpiece of lucidity, and his rulings will definitely decide similar cases if any arise in the future.

This vindication of the public rights of yachtsmen and fishermen has been obtained by a committee of ten gentlemen, members of the Essex Yacht Club, and the thanks of all yachtsmen are due to them for their public-spirited action. Thanks they will probably receive in plenty, but they certainly deserve something more substantial, for it should not be forgotten that although both the original action and the appeal were decided in their favour with costs, yet that costs only means "taxed costs," and that the defenders of public rights have had to pay something like £1,000 for what are technically called costs between solicitor and client,

which could not be recovered from the other side. This expense ought not to fall upon them entirely, and there must be many yachtsmen ready to assist in discharging this liability as soon as the fact that there is any liability to defray is brought to their notice. Where the costs of the other side—"General" Booth and Mr. Thomas Wright—came from is no particular concern of yachtsmen, but it certainly is of concern to the philanthropic public who subscribed thousands of pounds for the support of the Salvation Army Colony at Hadleigh.

Country Life ILLUSTRATED.

THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

THE prevalence of north-east wind has caused a considerable drop in the temperature, but with the change of wind it is likely that the much-needed rain may come in sufficient quantities. For the past five weeks, rain has fallen on five days only, the total amount being less than half an inch. This is only the third occasion in the long period of eighty-four years in which the rainfall in the metropolis has been so little during the month of October. The other two years in which the month has been so dry were 1879 and 1834. Notwithstanding this long drought, the rainfall for the ten months now past is pretty well up to the average.

An entry of last year indicates the fact that on October the 13th an early frost robbed every ash and chestnut of its last leaves. They fell throughout a morning in a continuous stream, till none were left; other trees followed in quite a few days. The contrast suggested with this year's foliage is a speaking comment on English weather. To-day, in November, the small-leaved trees, such as elms, are positively dense with greenness, and you may watch for many minutes without seeing a leaf fall. The chestnuts, of course, are mostly denuded, though some still hold out a few gaunt fingers at the extremities of their arms; while the ash trees, the last to come into leaf, as they are often the first to go, are very fairly feathered, though a little black at the tips, as were their buds in March. The black poplars are just dropping their last white and bronze leaves on the ground, but their Lombardy brothers look as if they would litter the pavements of suburban streets for many days to come.

The temperature has also had an unusual effect on the birds. The rooks have taken to amatory cawings, and several have been seen with sticks in their mouths—an act of unseasonableness which, however, is not uncommon with the otherwise rational rook. In the copes the chirruping of small birds is almost continuous enough to be called a song, and the pugnacious but sentiment-producing robin is not confined to his usual solos. Mere man is expressing at every street corner his pleasure in the abbreviation of winter, and only the unfortunate who has taken a holiday to shoot pheasants is growling at the adumbration of the woods. It is a nice question what percentage of pheasants owe an extended life to the kindness of the autumn weather.

The coverts still remain thick, both for cubbing and covert shooting. There is frost at night, but only a light matter of a few degrees, and the warm sun, where it has pierced the fog of the daytime, makes things grow, in spite of the nightly chills. The days are extraordinarily warm. A few wasps are still on the move, though they have been so few this season, and a swallow is reported by a correspondent to have been seen on one of the very last days of October. All this means delightful weather in the country, but it is weather that is very apt to spell fog in London.

Westmeath is one of the most sporting of Ireland's sporting counties, and in hunting matters is well to the front. The Earl of Longford and his brother, the Hon. Mr. Packenham, are joint-masters of the pack, each taking half the season as they can get leave. Lord Longford has just been promoted to his troop in the 1st Life Guards, and his brother to his company in the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards. The relations between the tenant farmers and the Hunt have always been most happy, which is not to be wondered at, when it is calculated that, through the medium of hunting, from £10,000 to £12,000 annually finds its way into the pockets of the traders and farmers of the Mullingar neighbourhood. The opening meet was fixed for Monday, 8th November, at Crooked Wood. Judging from the successful cubbing campaign, the Westmeaths should have a splendid season before them. They will hunt four days a week, and it is said that the Viceregal party will frequently be out with them.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," it is said, and Mr. John Watson, the popular master of the Royal Meaths, found to his cost last Saturday week that a little "schooling" was equally hazardous. Hounds not hunting on that day, in consequence of the death of an old member of the Hunt, Mr. Watson was out "schooling," and coming down a "cropper," dislocated his shoulder. He will probably be unable to hunt for some weeks, which is particularly annoying just at the opening of the season.

The Ward Union Staghounds, which are such a boon to Dubliners, and to the officers of the garrison of the Dublin metropolis, have had some capital runs since the season opened. The Wards have a fine supply of deer, the main body being kept at Howth Park, and those for immediate use in an enclosed paddock adjoining the kennels at Ashbourne. Altogether the Hunt has a herd of sixty deer—many of which are veterans of

some years' standing—a few of them having seen from twelve to fourteen years' service. These have been kept on on account of having from time to time been the heroes of record runs.

The recent step taken by the National Cyclists' Union of placing their veto on road racing, will command itself not only to the general public but to all reasonable cyclists. A reform was urgently needed in this matter—that was admitted on all hands—and it is far better that it should have come from the N.C.U. themselves than that it should have been forced upon them by public opinion outside, or, worse still, by a legal enactment on the subject. That cyclists generally have not received the fairest of treatment from either the police or from some magistrates is indisputable, and undoubtedly this well-advised step of stopping the most objectionable practice of road racing will do much to secure public sympathy for them in the future.

A few years ago, during an exceptionally hard winter, a large number of seagulls, driven in from the sea by severe weather, explored the Thames and the London parks in search of food. They were made heartily welcome; and, finding the experiment a success, have repeated the visit in increasing numbers year by year, as soon as the wintry weather begins, and have become familiar objects in the metropolis, where, happily, their destruction by the pot-hunter's gun is impossible. The instinct of sea birds, not only gulls, but many others besides, in finding their food is most marvellous. Some time ago a farmer whose land is at least twenty miles from the sea purchased several tons of sprats for manure. These were spread over the fields, and the next morning the ground was literally white with thousands of gulls, shags, kittiwakes, and other ocean birds eager for the, to them, great delicacy of putrescent sprats. They ate up most of the fish that was ready to be ploughed in, to the considerable relief of the olfactory nerves of the neighbours. Then they departed as silently and mysteriously as they had appeared.

Cambridge University commenced their lacrosse season with a match against Woodford, who, after a good game, proved too strong for the 'Varsity by 9 goals to 4. Cambridge do not take part in the Divisional Competition, but have entered for the Senior Flags and Junior Flags. The University Club would do excellent service to lacrosse if they arranged an occasional exhibition match, for the purpose of putting the advantages of the game before Oxford. Many Southern players would be found ready to assist, but Cambridge should take the first step in the matter.

The Flag competitions still hold chief place among the lacrosse contests in the South of England, and to-day (Saturday) the first rounds of the Senior and Junior Flags for this season will be decided. The school teams do not play off their ties, but among the seniors the following matches will take place:—Highgate *v.* Croydon, Blackheath *v.* West London, Surbiton *v.* Woodford, Catford *v.* Barnet, and Hampstead *v.* Snaresbrook. Most of these should be well contested, as form so far points to a very level average of strength. A win for Surbiton over Woodford seems, however, fairly certain, but Croydon, West London, Barnet, and Snaresbrook should reach the second round if they have their best teams out; any weakness will probably prove fatal. The chief match on Saturday last was the Senior Cup game, in which Barnet defeated Woodford after a hard fight, and an important second division result was the win of Catford over Croydon. Snaresbrook beat Cambridge University after a good game, capital defence play being shown on both sides. Some sensation was caused in the North by the defeat of Stockport by South Manchester, which will make the championship struggle more interesting than appeared likely a week or two since.

The phraseology with which our American cousins clothe their descriptions of hunts appears very quaint, not to say peculiar, to English readers. In *Outing* for the current month, cross-country equestrianism is touched upon, and mention made of some of the doings with various packs of hounds. Hunting seems to have begun generally on the 2nd of October, and in chronicling the opening meet of the Meadowbrook Hunt the following passages occur:—"The start was made at 4 p.m. from Westbury Pond. Hounds were rather fresh at the start, and at times tailed a bit, not settling down to an even pace, dwelling somewhat until they got warmed to their work, finally getting away with a burst, and following a burning scent with the line hunters keeping all steady." On the second day we are told that "Steeplechasing and a run over the stiffest eight miles of hunting country in Long Island marked the day's sport, the pack keeping in full cry without cessation and causing the company to negotiate many bits of timber. . . . There was a fine rally towards the end of the run, and horses were pushed at top speed, dashing through and over bushes, leaping broad ditches, and splashing in brooks and mud, and taking fences as if only imaginary lines."

But even more extraordinary is the information given in the same nicely turned out magazine, in its article entitled "Fox-hunting on the Eastern Shore of Maryland," that the Marquis of Waterford—"the Marquis" of sporting memory—served his apprenticeship to fox-hunting in the State of Maryland. The writer of the article alluded to says that, after one of his many escapades, "the Marquis" went to live in America till the matter should blow over. When there he was the guest of Mr. Robert Gilmor, of Glen Ellen, in the Green Spring Valley, Maryland, and hunted with the Glen Ellen pack of foxhounds. Though "the Marquis" was mounted on a mare of Mr. Gilmor's that was considered "one of the finest cross-country horses of the period," yet "he was left far behind in the chase." We are told, however, that "on his return to England he purchased the animal for a thousand dollars, and made quite a record in Ireland, afterward, as a bold and fearless rider." "He evidently learned some useful lessons on this side of the water," says the writer, "for he ascribed his success to his Maryland experience." All this will be news to those who knew "the Marquis" as one of the most daring riders in the three kingdoms.

The trial trip of the starting machine in Ireland took place at the Leopardstown meeting last week, a race being started by the medium of "the tapes" on each day. On the whole, the new method appeared to give satisfaction, particularly on the first day (Friday), when it was used in starting the ten runners in the Trial Selling Plate, and the lot got away nicely together, with the exception of Perite and Sandpiper, who are slow beginners. On the second day, when the machine was tried in starting the sixteen competitors in the Consolation Plate, the result was not so satisfactory, as two of the horses got entangled in the tapes and were left at the post. It was the general opinion, however, of those present that all that is wanting to make it a success is a little practice. Some of the animals which have had private lessons at home were very clever in the way they got off.

A recent exhibit in a shop window in the Strand has caused much interest. It was of a bottle two inches in diameter, and five inches long, together with the blade of an ordinary dinner knife, both taken from the stomach of a 7lb. pike, captured in the New River Company's reservoir at Stoke Newington by Mr. Sydenham Hall. That is wonderful enough, but although a fish story, it has the merit which fish stories do not invariably possess of being true.

There are few more out-of-the-way places in the Home Counties than Burnham-on-Crouch, and on the marshes there between the famous yachting station and Southminster one might imagine oneself to be in the West of Ireland rather than a little over thirty miles from Liverpool Street. The journey to and fro, too, is most tedious. It was, therefore, a great surprise to find so large an attendance at the meeting of the Eastern Counties' Coursing Club a week ago. There is, apparently, a spark of enthusiasm yet left among Southern coursers. Mr. Horace Ledger had arranged an attractive card, and as there was plenty of fur proceedings on each day were lively enough. Too much reliance must not be placed on the trials, for in many cases, especially on the first day, the long grass and the hard ground combined made many of the courses decidedly tricky. Cymba, Mr. E. M. Crosse's Waterloo candidate, would undoubtedly have made short work of her opponents in the Burnham Stakes had this, the principal event, been run out. She showed great cleverness in her trial against Honor and Glory, but subsequently divided with Mr. H. F. Simond's Silver Sceptre and Silver Salver. Mrs. Dewé, who, with Colonel Dewé, was present throughout the meeting, divided a stake with the red and white dog Kismet, whilst Mr. Claude Paine, another enthusiast, won two made-up stakes with Piping Crow and Purer than Pearl.

Considering the fine form already shown by Ballymoyola, the Black Brae and Massereene winner, it is not surprising that this likely Waterloo candidate is not included in the dispersal sale of Messrs. Chichester and Brice's kennel, to be held at the Barbican to-day (Saturday, November 13th). That he would now realise a big price is certain, for he is looked upon as one of the most promising Irish dogs seen out this season. His chance at Longtown was greatly fancied by his connections, but at the Derry meeting last week he put all doubt aside by the way he polished off Glenkeen III. in the third round. He is very speedy, and although on the small side, can more than hold his own against much heavier dogs. Mr. F. Watson and Mr. W. Smyrl, who hope to patronise Bangor next month, were unfortunate, although the former gentleman's Warm Welcome ran up to Ballymoyola in the Foyle Stakes.

The time-honoured Southport meeting of the South Lancashire Club was the most important gathering last week,

Northern coursers assembling in very large numbers on the famous Scarisbrick estate. In days gone by meetings second only to Waterloo have been held here, and, judging by the enthusiasm displayed at the most recent gathering, a revival of the club's best days may be anticipated. The Scarisbrick Cup brought out several of the best dogs in training, Mr. H. Hardy's Hit Wicket and Mr. T. F. Waters's Four by Honours being the popular favourites. Neither is, however, yet thoroughly wound up, and the palm in this respect was certainly taken by the winner, Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Green Nut, a son of Character, who, in the final, beat Mr. W. Taylor's Bang somewhat easily, the latter being quite run out. The principal puppy stake, the North Meols Cup, ended in a popular win for Mr. W. Snape, whose Singing Bird created a most favourable impression.

The Bedale Hounds had a very fast gallop on Friday, when the meet was at Scorton. The first fox was found at Crosshills, but did not afford much sport. The second fox, however, gave the large field a rattling run of thirty minutes, but eventually escaped. On Monday, the meet was at Hornby Castle, the Yorkshire residence of the Duke of Leeds. The Rush was first drawn, then hounds tried Springs Wood, and crossing into the Claypits, found at once, and for a couple of fields ran smartly towards the Sandholes. At the latter cover a check occurred, and hounds were unable to make anything of it. Kennel Whin was blank, but a fox from the Park Cover afforded a short spin, and another fox from the Goskins also gave a gallop. Scent has been wretchedly bad, and on Monday there was no improvement.

American stories are frequently steep. One of the most precipitous of those recently put forth concerns a horse that is reported to have swallowed a kitten, which had been most incautiously lying in his manger. "The claws of the kitten were extended"—they naturally would be—and in consequence its body stuck half-way down the horse's throat, causing much pain and discomfort to the horse. By a singular omission, it is not stated whether the kitten was in any way inconvenienced. A veterinary surgeon was called in, who managed to dislodge the kitten, which passed into the stomach of the horse. Considering the size of a horse's gullet, the animal's task must have been about as difficult as that of those who are asked to swallow the story.

Now that the capercailzie is re-established in the Scotch woods, there seems a chance of some effort being made to reintroduce the bustard. Six very fine birds have just been brought to the Zoo from Spain, by a Spaniard formerly employed in such work by the late Lord Lilford. One pair are to be turned down on an ancient haunt of the bird, near the Yorkshire Wolds. Another pair go to Kent, which seems a less favourable locality. The natural and best places to make the attempt on a proper scale are, however, the Norfolk heaths, such as Rondham Heath, or Harling Heath, or the 60,000 acres purchased on Salisbury Plain by the War Office, which was also a favourite haunt of the bustard. Though of no great merit for sport, the gain to the picturesqueness of such scenery by the restoration of the big bird which *ought* to live there would be very considerable. This is a good time at which to make the experiment. No one can mistake a bustard for any other bird, and County Councils are quite in the mood to guarantee their safety. The only enemy who cannot be warned off is the fox, who is a standing danger to the pinioned birds which must be first turned down. In America, democratic Governments are protecting the pheasants newly introduced in fifty counties of the State of Ohio, by fines on a scale which would astonish the English public.

Some notion of the powers of County Councils to protect the bustard, should it be introduced, may be gathered from a useful legal work just published by Messrs. J. V. Marchant and W. Watkins. It is entitled "Wild Bird Protection Acts, 1880-1896" (R. H. Porter, London), but this hardly indicates the full scope of the book. It contains a complete reprint of all the Acts now in force, of the Orders of the Secretary of State, in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, the Game Acts, the Seagull Preservation Act for the Isle of Man, and the law, *Sur le Port d'Armes*, current in Jersey. There are also two well-written essays on the law relating to wild animals, and the history of legislation for the protection of wild birds. A table of cases cited in the book is a practical guide to the legal questions in prosecutions in court. The regulations for each county are given in alphabetical order, with ample reference to the localities specified. This is a capital country house book, in small compass. We note that while distant places like Wicken Fen, in Cambridgeshire, the last home of the swallow-tailed butterfly, are preserved the wild fowl on the London river are not yet adequately protected. The birds on either bank are nominally guarded by edicts of the Middlesex, Surrey, and London County Councils. But on the river itself, the Conservancy can only protect birds above Teddington.

An interesting if slightly melancholy sight is now to be seen at the Zoo. The great python, which measures twenty-one feet long, and has been more than twenty years in the Gardens, is dying of old age. Its eye has become dim, and it can no longer assimilate its food, or swallow properly. Consequently its body has shrunk, and instead of the glove-like fit of the skin, the latter lies in folds and wrinkles on the inner side of the python's many coils. No one has yet been able to say at what age the great snakes do die. All native tradition ascribes immense longevity to them. They are commonly worshipped as types of immortality, and there is good ground for believing that their normal life is very prolonged. This snake, which is a reticulated python from Malacca, was presented by Dr. Hampshire, when it was already sixteen feet long. Its subsequent growth has been only five feet, but if we assume it to have been ten years old on its arrival, it is now over thirty. No inference as to the duration of snake life can be made from this case, for the python has been unable to seize its prey for eight years—its food has been pushed into its mouth—though its swallowing powers were unimpaired.

So far we have seen no signs of the hard winter that has been predicted, except the profusion of red berries. Indeed, it is these red berries that form the principal basis of the promise. There is another possible view to take of the berries—that they indicate rather a favourable past season for their growth than afford any trustworthy ground for a forecast, be the forecast for good or for evil. But one thing in the present they certainly afford, and that is a fine feast for the blackbirds and thrushes. Amongst the multitude of red berries, these birds affect specially the red seed-cases of the dog-roses. When you come upon a cluster of these, as you often will at this season, with their insides pecked out, and the pods left rent and dejected, you may make a shrewd guess that this is the work of a blackbird, and often you may catch the bird at his meal, or scare him from it, red-handed—or red-beaked, to speak exactly. In Scotland the rowan berries are a great attraction to them, but in England the beautiful mountain ash is scarcely common enough to enter into their serious considerations. There is something perhaps in the colour that helps to attract the birds to these red berries—at least the colour may help to make them conspicuous—but doubtless there is more in the taste that is to the birds' liking. **HIPPIAS.**

NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.

THE absence of the Sandringham dogs from the very excellent show held at Cambridge last week was only what could be expected. It would, however, have saved much disappointment had the fact of their withdrawal been advertised a little earlier. All round, the entry was very representative, and the show, the first held under the auspices of the Cambridge Canine Society, compared very favourably with the more pretentious ones held under Kennel Club rules up to two years ago. The management, too, showed that capable men were at the head of affairs, but it was somewhat of a reflection on the part of those responsible for passing the dogs into the rings, that one, a Collie, with loaded ears, secured several prizes. As a matter of fact, this escaped even the judge's notice, and it was not until long after the prizes were awarded that a lynx-eyed exhibitor detected the gelatine lozenges skilfully stuck under the animal's ears. The judge was informed of the discovery, and promptly disqualified the exhibit. Apart from this, the show was quite devoid of incident.

A discovery of this kind after the awards had been made proves that a judge must look for other things than points—or the lack of them—in the animals brought before him. Thanks to the keen action of the Kennel Club, faking is now almost a lost art, and this knowledge may, perhaps, have been the cause of the judge's laxity at Cambridge. At Bournemouth, a month or two ago, a similar discovery was made, in this case by the judge, who, in testing the ears of a brace of Terriers, found that both had been tampered with. They were promptly sent out of the ring, but no further action was taken in the matter, the judge apparently thinking disqualification was sufficient degradation. Were all judges to be thorough, and to examine ears, coat, eyes, and muzz'e, in addition to glancing over the exhibit for discernment of his good qualities, very little more would be heard of faking. Some judges, mostly new ones, who wish to create a favourable impression, make this thorough examination, and by impatient exhibitors are termed "old apple-women" for their pains. Others, mostly the circuit goers, rarely put a hand on the animals brought before them.

New fixtures for 1898 are already announced, and it is almost safe to predict a successful show at Cheltenham in February. The "garden town" is fortunate in the possession of one of the finest winter gardens in the country, although it is, just at present, more of a white elephant than anything else. There is, however, quite room enough for a miniature Palace show, and as the district abounds in owners of really good dogs, and is easy of access from all parts of the Midlands and South, there ought to be a mammoth entry. It is now some years since a show was held in this part of the country, although a one-time Gloucester had a famous fixture. Mr. H. Dickson, of Old English Sheepdog fame, is also anxious for a show to be given a trial at Streatham in January. The rules of the Kennel Club are to be observed, and good patronage has been already secured.

BIRKDALE.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

MRS. ARTHUR MEADOWS-WHITE, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is the youngest daughter of Mr. Andrew Dougall, of Melville House, Nairn, N.B., and was married last April at St. Mary Abbotts, Kensington, to the eldest son of the Rev. A. Meadows-White, vicar of Stonehouse, near Gloucester, who was formerly private secretary to Sir Wilfred Bonser, Lord Chief Justice of Ceylon.

COUNTRY HOMES: Bishop's Palace, Wells.

THE fine old city of Wells, in Somerset—somewhat sleepy, if you will, retired afar from the rush and bustle of the panting world—is a place that has no parallel. The craggy summit of Dulcot Hill, and other outlying heights of the Mendips, rise boldly round it, and form a beautiful frame to the hollow in which it lies. As you approach the venerable place from Shepton Mallet, you look over a scene that would be hard indeed to surpass, and begin to understand that the history of Wells is ecclesiastical, that it has had little concern with civil life, and that, in the sounding events of our land, it has never made a stir. Men have marched through it on their way to and from the West, like Henry VII., in chase of Perkin Warbeck, and once, it is true, the rough soldiery of Monmouth occupied it, and tore the lead from the cathedral roof for the muskets that served them so ill. But, apart from a few such events, Wells has had little to do with the bustling world. It exists because of its church, and its history is the history of its bishopric. And there before you, as you come down the road, is that magnificent fane, its lofty towers lifting their hoary walls, with noble west front, windows, gables, and pinnacles, all combining to form a picture of extra-

St. Andrew's Well, or, as it has been called, the "bottomless pit." The walls and bastions are strong, and the gatehouse is of plain fourteenth century work, with square flanking turrets. Crossing by the bridge, and passing beneath the groined archway, the visitor finds himself in presence of a delightfully picturesque range of buildings. Opposite stands the ruined wall of the great hall erected by Bishop Burnell in the time of Edward I.—a truly magnificent remain, with lofty mullioned and transomed windows. Immediately to the left is the low trefoil-headed western doorway of the chapel, with a splendid five-light window over it, and still further to the left the existing dwelling-houses, while the domestic offices face the chapel. The house, with the chapel and ruined hall projecting on one hand, and the offices on the other, thus form a hollow square, and there is much evidence to show that a curtain wall and gatehouse originally inclosed the quadrangle.

The palace was originally built by Bishop Joceline, who commenced the nave of the cathedral, between 1205 and 1244, and the present dwelling-house, though with many modifications and changes, remains structurally from his time. The porch through which we enter is modern, and the upper story



Phot. by Frith and Co.,

THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

Reigate.

ordinary charm. But the cathedral does not stand alone. It is the peculiar glory of Wells that its ecclesiastical buildings unite in a wonderfully harmonious grouping of architectural features. The splendid cloister, the Bishop's Palace, the Lady Chapel, the delightful Vicars' Close, the quaint gables and turrets, all combine in this unrivalled whole. "The full history of the place," said the late Mr. Freeman, "is legibly written on that matchless group of buildings."

But the history of Wells is not to be recounted here. Neither shall we pass through the gateway of the "penniless porch" to enter the cathedral precincts. The Bishop's Palace is theme enough. Here, at least, there is evidence of strength. There are walls, gatehouse, and water defence. It was, perhaps, necessary that the Bishop, who was almost a potentate in the West, should thus provide for security. But the defences were erected, when the day of absolute need had apparently gone, by Bishop Ralph of Shrewsbury, about the middle of the fourteenth century, although a licence to fortify had been issued more than a century before. The Bishop's Palace is certainly one of the earliest, as it has been one of the finest, houses in England. The curtain walls of Bishop Ralph, with their gatehouse and drawbridge on the north side, inclose an area of about seven acres, and are washed by a broad moat, supplied with water from

on the west side of the building was added by Bishop Bagot about 1840. It may be conceded that its three gables and excellent windows fall very harmoniously into the composition. Through the porch we reach a finely vaulted gallery or vestibule, where is a fire-place of the time of Henry VIII., and a doorway leads thence into the "servants' hall" behind, which is a noble apartment, with double vaulting, supported on a line of slender shafts down the middle, and lighted through beautiful narrow windows. The Bishop's study is above, and in a bay of the main structure projecting towards the garden, over which it looks from a splendid oriel window, that adds a very charming feature to the eastern side of the house. Above the vestibule and lower hall, too, are the long gallery and various rooms of the house. The dining-room, especially, has a noble four-light window at the east end, and the other apartments are exceedingly handsome, though their formation has led to many changes in the structure. It has been remarked that if this mediæval house had been open, with a fine roof, instead of being subdivided for residence, it would have made one of the finest halls in Europe, and would have exceeded even the great hall of Westminster.

But we must not dwell upon features that have afforded endless delight to the architect and antiquary. The kitchen and



Photo. by Valentine and Sons, Ltd.,

COUNTRY HOMES: BISHOP'S PALACE, WELLS; THE PALACE GATEWAY.

Dundee

offices were rebuilt in part by Bishop Bagot—1845-54—but on the old site on the north side of the square neighbouring the moat. Here is a most picturesque pile of buildings, with fine oriel windows thrown out from the upper story by Bishop Clerk, who succeeded Wolsey, and was Bishop from 1523 to 1540. The chapel, which is on the other side of the hollow square, and has already been alluded to, is, like the ruined hall, the work of Bishop Burnell. It has a lovely groined roof, charming windows, and



Valentine and Sons, Ltd.,

THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

Dundee.

JOHN LEYLAND.

presents many most interesting features. But space is wanting here to describe all the beauties of the Bishop's Palace at Wells.

Wherever we look there is something picturesque to charm and delight, and the house presents many a subject for the artist. It has gone through some vicissitudes and changes, and, at one time, narrowly escaped lapsing into private hands, for, strange as it may appear, Bishop Barlow, in 1530, was authorised by Henry VIII. to alienate it to Edward, Duke of Somerset; and, but for the tragic fate of that nobleman, which brought about its reversion to the bishopric, it might even now have been the residence of a layman. We may doubt, however, whether such occupancy would have contributed to the maintenance of the features which now are its charm, for, after the alienation by Barlow, Sir John Gates—who was beheaded for his complicity with Lady Jane Grey—dismantled the great hall for its material, and the ruin was completed by a Dr. Burgess, who bought it at a nominal price from the Parliament later on. There is a tragic memory, too, about this hall. Here it was that the last Abbot of Glastonbury was foully brought to mock trial, after which his head was smitten off, and his four quarters sent to Somersetshire towns, to strike terror into the hearts of all who questioned the absolute prerogative of the King.

JOHN LEYLAND.

THE LAST TROUT OF THE SEASON.

A TINGE of sadness is inseparable from a last day of the season, whether with rod or gun, and to-day, despite the glorious weather, is no exception to the rule. The sun flashes brightly on the sluggish, placid deeps, fringed with autumn-tinted foliage, as we cross the quaint, ancient stone bridge in the recesses of which still stands the pillar of a seventeenth century sundial. A little further on a second bridge spans a noisy little beck that foams and splashes over its boulder-strewn bed in its hurry to join the main river a hundred yards further down the valley. The road is bordered here with gigantic elms, whose interlacing branches shut out the sunshine. Rattling noisily through the little village at the foot of the fells, the road ascends towards the moors, and, after a stiff climb, we drive past a few scattered houses, some stone roofed, others thatched with heather, and the pungent odour of the peats is wafted to us as the pale blue smoke curls slowly upwards into the calm air.

Leaving the village, the road skirts the moorland, with wide undulating pastures on either side, where rough grass, patches of ling, and scattered clumps of furze, gleaming here and there with golden blossoms, are enclosed by mile upon mile of rough, loosely-built stone walls. Then a wooded valley shut in by heather-clad hills comes in view as the higher ground is reached, and we drive along the narrow rutty lane, with its wide tangled hedgerows now gleaming with red hips and haws, crimson holly berries, and here and there clusters of ripe blackberries or red-cheeked crab-apples. We can trace, too, through the foliage the course of the beck as it ripples over the shallows and glides smoothly under the thickly-wooded banks of the dale. The dew still hangs heavily on each blade of grass and pendant leaf, and the numerous cobwebs of autumn are dew-draped until the tiny films appear coarse as pack-thread. Away at the head of the valley a faint mist hangs veil-like over the dark brown moorland, whilst the cloud shadows pass slowly across the face of the nearer hills. Putting up the mare at a convenient farmhouse, we stroll quietly across the two intervening fields and reach the banks of the beck. The water is of that dark, amber hue so conducive, as a rule, to good sport with the fly; and, rigging up an August dun, a cinnamon and a willow fly, we proceed to fish a likely-looking stream.

The warm sunshine has brought out a host of natural flies, which are whirling and gyrating on the surface of the stream, but the trout are not rising. Fishing carefully across and down stream, which, although not orthodox, is the only means of fishing this cast, we get a rise, but the fish comes short, and is missed.

Giving him a short rest, the fly is again put over him, and this time the

turn of the wrist is followed by that thrill that tells the fish is hooked; a few short rushes and he is in the landing-net, a nice little trout of some ten ounces. The scenery here is charming, and we are tempted to wade across to a rustic seat nailed against a couple of larches that commands a view of the beck where it widens out into a rippling, gleaming shallow, overhung by foliage, the steeply-wooded banks shutting out all view of the outside world. The gentle murmur of the beck, the lapping of the tiny wavelets against the bank at our feet, are the only sounds that break the silence, except when a leaf comes rustling down to float away on the surface of the dark-tinted waters. The splash of a rising fish at the tail of the stream is sufficient, however, to induce us to once more resume our sport, and soon another moorland trout is added to the creel.



Photo. by Smithson,

"A BIT OF THE BECK."

Leyburn.

Fishing upwards, we get other rises, sometimes hooking, at others missing, a fish, but enjoying to the full the fascination of the glorious scenery, and inhaling with pleasure the pure bracing air of the moorland solitude. The leaves are rapidly changing, and there is an absence of wild flowers that studded the banks and carpeted the woodlands with big patches of colour in May. The vegetation, too, is withering, and here and there the clumps of bracken and fern are browning and drooping. Fishing onwards and upwards, nearer and nearer to the everlasting hills, the beck becomes of less volume, and the trout even smaller. The scenery, too, is wilder. Broad bands of yellowing bracken border

the beck, with here and there a fringe of alder or birch overhanging the stream. The valley narrows, and is hemmed in on all sides by the moors, from which comes the occasional dull report of the breechloader.

Trout have given over rising, and as the sun is high in the heavens, we call a halt, and, basking full in the sunshine, partake of a frugal lunch, musing the while of the changes that have occurred in a few short months. Here opposite is an ash tree, struck to the heart, with shattered trunk and splintered branches, the result of a lightning flash. The foliage is changing as winter approaches, and close at hand a mountain ash and a thorn vie with each other in brilliancy of colouring. Every shade of pink, crimson, and copper is shown in the tinted leaves that exhale now the very essence of the summer sunshine. A flash of sunshine is travelling along the brow of the moor, turning the brown heather into a flame-coloured line of light, and gleaming brightly on the yellow-tinted bracken, whilst the higher hills are deep in shadow, and a dark blue haze hovers over the larch and pine plantations on the hillsides. The mysterious charm of the mountain and the moorland is upon us. We watch the ever-changing lights and shadows on the immeasurable moors, and the very silence and solitude brings peace.

The smoke from the soothing pipe hangs in the calm air, the drowsy murmur and babble of the beck is in our ears, and we lounge and muse in

perfect content, glad that the bustle and hurry of town life is far away. A soft puff of the west wind brings down a cloud of rustling leaves that sail downstream, and ruffles the surface of an adjacent pool, inducing us to have a few more casts now the ripple is on the water. Sending the flies, light as thistledown, under the opposite bank, a goodly trout is tempted from his lair behind a big boulder that is only half submerged, and as he feels the sharp steel, he makes a bold fight for liberty, but in vain, and after a few struggles is safely on the sloping shingle, the biggest fish of the day, and, as it proves, the last trout of the season. The lengthening shadows and a chilliness in the air warn us to be moving, and fishing half-carelessly and lazily down stream we reach, without another rise, the narrow path that leads to the farmhouse. The split cane is taken to pieces, the cast wound round the hat, and we stroll slowly upwards to the farm, musing on the changes that will occur before we shall again have a chance of casting a fly on this charming beck, but hoping, in the slightly altered words of Carrington :—

“ Yet when, sweet spring,
Thy influence again shall make the bud
Leap into leaf, and gentlest airs shall soothe
The storm-swept bosom of the moor, my feet
Shall tread the banks of Burne.”

ARDAROS.

THE TIVERTON STAGHOUNDS.

PERHAPS the most popular form of all hunting in the “ West Countree ” is found in the pursuit of the stag. Therefore, there is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that there was a very large attendance at the opening meet of the Tiverton Staghounds—Sir John Heathcoat Amory’s popular pack—at Stoodleigh Court, of which event we give two illustrations.

Followers of the Hunt have enjoyed capital sport during the few weeks of the present season that have so far run. They had an excellent run at the beginning of last month on the occasion of a meet at Rackenford, when they found, hunted, and killed a well-known stag who had for some seasons been known to the followers of the Hunt as “ Old Bill.” An account of the run, which recently appeared in the *Field*, gives very good description of the kill :—

“ Running round the old kennels, and across the Iron Mill stream, through Holmington Wood, this stag made towards Cove, and was fresh found by Mr. Amory with the pack just above Halfpenny Bridge. Turning downwards, with the hounds



Photo. by W. Masland.

THE SQUIRE’S HOSPITALITY.

Copyright.

at his haunches, he crossed the swollen Exe just below Duvalle Barton. Hounds, however, forced him out of the water, and, running down towards the old turnpike gate, made for Higher

Barn, hounds pressing closely, past Drinds Hayne, and away to Westbrook Plantations. Here Old Bill showed signs of great distress, and, turning to the right, sank into the valley to reach the river Batherum about half a mile south of Bampton. One of the first hounds to reach him after crossing the railway line was evidently a puppy, which, in ignorance of the powers of his quarry, was approaching him boldly in the front. The stag, of course, went for him and pinned him to the ground, but, fortunately, neither of the antlers touched him. By this time the pack and the officials were all round him, and in a few minutes this magnificent stag was pulled down by the banks of the Batherum, after a gallant attempt to save his life once more, and having been before hounds for just about an hour and a-half. How many times this old gentleman has beaten the hounds it is impossible to say, but, roughly speaking, I should say he was twelve years old, and carried the finest beam of antlers I have ever seen. He had brows, no bays, trays, and three on top on each side, and the largest slots by a great deal that most of those present had ever seen. The puppies



Photo. by W. Masland.

A MEET AT STOODLEIGH COURT.

Copyright.

were well entered, the public—including a large proportion of the inhabitants of Bampton—well supplied with tit-bits, and the hounds were called away just as the clock was striking six. A large number of the field were not present at the death, probably owing to the many twists and turns which both our stags during the day had been showing us; but the last fifteen minutes over a

grass country, mostly in sight of deer and hounds, together with the finish, formed a brilliant episode in a day which was full of incident and excitement. Scent throughout was by no means too good, and nothing but the indomitable perseverance of the huntsman, the whips, and a few ardent local sportsmen could have brought about such a brilliant finale."

TOWN

"The Little Minister."

THE Haymarket proscenium arch was "A Window in Thrums," and we looked through it and saw the country Mr. Barrie has made his own; the country where "The Little Minister" ruled his congregation eighty years ago, where Babbie played her elfin tricks, where the Elders of the Kirk tore their heartstrings in twain, and made themselves as unutterably

TOPICS.

Mr. Barrie's adaptation of his own novel came through unscathed. With the help of Miss Emery, Mr. Maude, and the others, we saw our Little Minister, and even if it was not in every way the Little Minister we had subconsciously pictured, it was so delightful that we received the new impression without demur, even with delight.

The play opens in Caddam Woods, with the three Elders watching outside for the approach of the soldiery, who are to vindicate the law against the offending weavers of Thrums. The "atmosphere" is gained at once—we are in Scotland eighty years ago; godly men are law-breakers, seeking to outwit justice by alarming the sleeping town should the King's men approach. Details apart, the main lines of the book are followed. We see the adoration of the congregation for Gavin Dishart, the Little Minister; we know that should he stray one hair's breadth from that thin line of rectitude his flock have drawn for him, the Little Minister will meet with retribution as merciless as the love they bear him is strong. And soon we see Babbie—Babbie, the Sprite of Caprice, the soul of mischief, the daughter of the great Earl of Rintoul, the betrothed of the English captain, Halliwell—who has borrowed a gipsy's dress and has come to warn the weavers that her father and her lover are coming to-night with their soldiers to surround Thrums, and catch its people in a trap. She has come, not because she loves the hunted, but to outwit the hunters. We see Babbie coqueting with that innocent anchorite, the Little Minister, who thinks her a perfidious Egyptian, but is fascinated by her all the same; we see how she makes him sound the horn to arouse the weavers, how she introduces herself to the angry soldiers as the minister's wife, and silences his disavowal by a look; we see the suspicions aroused among the Elders, whose little god is found philandering with the beautiful heretic. We see this, and much more that is delightfully fresh and bright and clever, and we hear the author's wit and dry humour and literary language, that come as balm when allied to dramatic action. We follow the Little Minister as he falls gradually beneath the spells of the elfin Babbie, and enjoy the splendid touches of a characterisation that is new and strange to us, and as amusing as it is novel. The Elders determine to oust the preacher they love so well, and, with that stern Scotch pleasure in self-chastisement, to do their duty the more mercilessly because it will cost them so much.

But we have sprightly, skilful drama, too. There is one admirable situation, as whimsical as it is dramatic. Lady Babbie has avowed her love for Gavin Dishart. He has learned that the gipsy girl is a great lady far above him. Enraged, Captain

Halliwell, her husband, ignorant of Babbie's escapade, tells her and her father that the minister is already married by Scots law, having acknowledged the gipsy as his wife before witnesses, that he will expose Dishart before his congregation, and publish the validity of the ceremony. Babbie realises that this means the consummation of her dearest hopes, and pretending to be indignant with the minister for deceiving her, eggs them on to his "undoing." All this is in the true spirit of the best comedy, and made an admirable finale to the most important act. And so the play proceeds joyously to its end, and "The Little Minister" becomes a success as unequivocal as it is well deserved.

It is most beautifully rendered. Whether as Babbie, the gipsy, or Lady Barbara, daughter of the Earl of Rintoul, Miss Winifred Emery played with a vivacity and charm, and, where requisite, a womanly pathos of which this, one of our most perfect of artists, is mistress. Mr. Cyril Maude has, in the character of the Little Minister, to undertake a part not hitherto associated with him. There is a strain of sentiment running through it which is

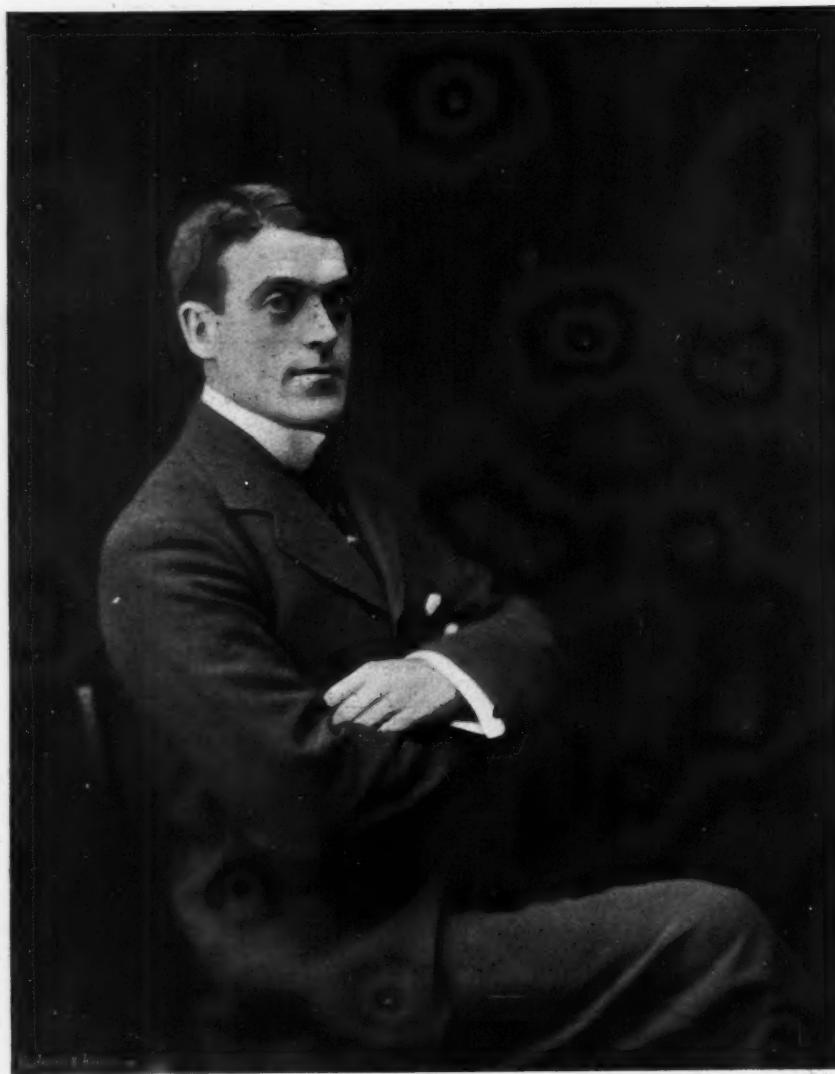


Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn,

MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

Pembroke Crescent, W.

miserable in the exquisite pleasure of doing their duty as only "releegious" Scotsmen can. It was a fascinating picture we saw through the magic window of a great author's genius, and Mr. Barrie will be the first to admit how much the artist who conceived it owes to the artists who vivified it upon the stage.

It is a dangerous task, this translation of a famous book to the theatre, for we each of us have formed our own conception of every character before the curtain has risen. With a play fresh from the dramatist's brain, we see with his eyes; with a play taken from a great book, we may have much to unlearn before we understand the playwright's point of view. So with "The Little Minister." We each had our Babbie, our Gavin Dishart, our Thomas Whamond before we saw them reincarnated by Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. Brandon Thomas. What a shock might have been in store for us! So it is through a double ordeal that the adapter has to pass ere he wins his way, a double ordeal, too, in which he has to rely on others than himself, on the actors who put into flesh and blood the characters of which every member of the audience has a preconception.

Hudson & Rogers
LONDON, S.E.

Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn,

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

Pembridge Crescent, W.

new to this fine comedian; but Mr. Maude proved himself equal to every call, and made the minister natural, manly, romantic, and altogether pleasing. Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Mark Kinghorne, and Mr. Holman Clark, as the Elders, were worthy of all praise for wonderful bits of character.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE "Vagabond King," which will be more fully commented upon in our next issue, was presented, after a week's "trial trip" at the Théâtre Métropole, Camberwell, at the Court, on Thursday last week, where Mr. Louis N. Parker's sometimes dramatic, generally interesting, and always fantastic and amusing play, was very favourably received. It is a work that will probably appeal more to the amusement-seeking playgoer than to the critical.

but the why and wherefore of this pronouncement will be set forth hereafter. On November 29th, the latest thing in what may be termed "hot-house theatricals" will be inaugurated at the Avenue, when the New Century Theatre will give its initial performance. It is without any disrespect that the term is applied—for the "New Century," like the "Independent," Theatre does not appeal to the great public, but to the initiated minority to whom dramatic convention is a *bête noire*, who wish to render the theatre free from the necessity of being a commercial success, who want their Art undefiled by contact with the box-office. Their view of what is Art and ours may differ, but the intelligent minority is entitled to the respect of the equally intelligent majority. So, being a class of entertainment supported in the main by private subscription, this tender dramatic plant will have no chance of being blighted by the cold wind of an unappreciative public, but will flourish, let us hope, in the serene and sheltered atmosphere of the New Century Conservatory.

Unlike the Independent Theatre, however, the promoters of the new cult—

among whom are many supporters of the former Society—disavow any hankering after the strange and weird in drama. Ibsen to them will not be a god, though, of course, neither will he be taboo; Maeterlinck and Bjornsen will not be regarded as high priests of the New Century Mecca. English authors are to receive equally considerate treatment, and the plays to be presented, we are promised, will not necessarily be bizarre and obscure, but only a little out of the ordinary and usual style of thing. So far so good. We have no objection to a "Higher Drama," but we do not want it so high that it is lost in the clouds; nor so high, in another sense, as to be unfit for consumption. The drama is an amusement, but not necessarily game.

Miss Kate Rorke, who will undertake the part of the heroine in Miss Margaret Young's one-act play, "Honesty," at the Avenue on the 29th, will, for the nonce, forsake the paths of the romantic "leading lady," and return to the field she trod so charmingly years ago, at the Criterion, with Mr. Charles Wyndham, when she was so delightful in characters of the expressively termed "lodging-house 'slavery'" type. Miss Rorke, the very young generation will be surprised to hear, has the gift of humour in almost as high a degree as that of pathos. They are generally closely akin.

Mr. Charles Brookfield, caustic wit and subtle actor, has re-written "The Grand Duchess" for Mr. D'Oyly Carte, so that we may hope to hear the champagne melodies of this famous old *opéra-bouffe* without torturing our sense of rhyme, rhythm, and humour by listening to the inane verse and silly puns to which light music was always allied in the old days, when word-twisting was looked upon as the highest wit, and fun was either vulgar or stupid. With Mr. Brookfield is Mr. Adrian Ross, who has remodelled the lyrics. Mr. Ross, though a writer of uneven merit, is the author of some of the best and brightest and most neatly written of latter-day burlesques, so that in this department also we may look for improvement. As an example it may be mentioned that the famous phrase, "I dote upon the military"—one of the most popular numbers in the score—has disappeared in favour of an equivalent, the word "military," used in such a sense, offending the literary taste of the Savoy authorities. Miss Florence St. John, fresh from her triumphs in "La Perichole," will be the Grand Ducal heroine; sweet-voiced Mr. Charles Kenningham will be the tenor; Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Walter Passmore the comedians—the one subtle and sardonic, the other rich and rollicking.

There are to be two pantomimes at Christmas in the West End of London, Mr. Oscar Barrett having united forces with Mr. Brickwell, the lessee of the Garrick Theatre, there to produce "Cinderella," Mr. Barrett's best-beloved subject since he built such a great success on the same theme several years ago at the Lyceum. There will be plenty of fun around Charing Cross this year; for, while at the Garrick Mr. John Le Hay and Mr. John Sheridan—fine comedians both—will be the ugly sisters, "The Babes in the Wood," at Drury Lane, will be those droll gentlemen Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell. In one respect the late Sir Augustus Harris's "Cinderella" was even more refined than Mr. Barrett's old or new versions, for the sisters were played by ladies—always more pleasing than the sight of men masquerading in petticoats. And why not? Surely there are humourists among the gentler sex.

The children, if there be any children left in this very grown-up decade, will be glad to know that they are to have a circus in London again—a permanent circus, if the patronage warrants it. The builders are already at work in Leicester Square, and it is said that at night, when the whirr of the cranes and the tip-tap of the bricklayers have ceased, attentive listeners may hear a ghostly but gleeble "Houp-la," and the click of phantom whips of goblin bare-backed riders, eager to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

THE present week opened brightly enough with the civic gaieties. The Lord Mayor's Show possesses as much interest for grown-up as for little children. Business is temporarily at a standstill, and everyone is willing to watch the familiar pageant with its yearly spectacular innovations. The past year has been singularly fortunate in its Lord Mayor, and his successor will, perhaps, find it a little difficult at first to fill a position that has no such brilliant prospects of distinction as the Jubilee commemoration, which was the prestige of the late year of office. But it is ever the unexpected that happens, so there is always something to look forward to. The decorations in the new Lord Mayor's ward were very good indeed, especially the model of Old Bishopton.

The principal feature of this year's Lord Mayor's Show was the gigantic model of a naval cruiser, from which no detail of a man-of-war had been omitted, the whole being to scale with dimensions one-ninth of the original. The sports and pastimes car included a figure purporting to be Prince Ranjitsinhji garbed in flannels. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was represented upon the car devoted to "The Builders of Greater Britain."

The Lady Mayoress and her maids of honour wore half mourning, in honour of the late Duchess of Teck.

Lady Faudel Phillips conceived a very charming idea in giving a children's party, and inviting "purses" for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—£1,500 was the sum realised, and after the little presentation ceremony in the Egyptian Hall had been gone through, tea was served in the old ball-room, and dancing was the order of the programme. The children sent, through the Lady Mayoress, a message to Her Majesty the Queen, whose gracious response reached the Mansion House in time to give pleasure to her young subjects assembled there.

Various arrangements have now been made by the committee of Our Dumb Friends' League to further the cause and funds of the society. On the 30th inst. there will be a drawing-room meeting at 38, Dover Street, Piccadilly, in the afternoon; and on the 8th December a private subscription ball will be given at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly, under the immediate patronage of Their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. A very charming and specially designed programme will be an interesting souvenir. The tickets can only be obtained through the lady patrons.

The Duchess of York, wearing deepest crape, and a long crape veil, which completely hid her face, attended service on Sunday with her husband, her father, her uncle, and her brother, all of whom visibly shared in her deep sorrow for her loss.

The Duke of Cambridge is feeling very much the death of his sister, who was always a very great favourite with him. He has twice since the funeral visited the crypt at Windsor where the remains lie. His father and mother are both buried at Kew.

Lady Archibald Campbell cannot tear herself away from Mayville, the beautiful new watering-place in the Pas de Calais. The weather has been superb, and the pine woods have been enjoyable up to the very middle of November. The Marquis of Lorne is building a châlet there, and many of the

best French families are following his example. A great future seems to lie before Mayville.

The Artists' Guild held its exhibition at the Imperial Institute this year, and included some clever photographs, some charming Venetian sketches, decorative novelties in wood painting, marquetry, and poker work, and a few admirable specimens of embroidery. The prizes for the best fans were awarded to a copy from the antique, and to a charming design of wild flowers on white satin.

The Royal parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was opened after repairs on Sunday afternoon, with full Masonic ceremony, 300 brethren assembling in the robes of the Craft to join in the service.

A very sad interest will attach to the Exhibition of the Needlework Guild Clothing, which is to be held at the Imperial Institute on Monday next and the two following days. It will include the hundreds of parcels which the late Duchess of Teck was occupied in classifying just before her sudden death. Her Royal Highness seldom failed to visit the exhibition on one of the three days, and there will be many sorrowful thoughts about her by those associated with her in this good work.

A student at the Chaffee-Noble School of Expression gave a "Recital for Criticism" last week, the feature of the occasion being plain speaking. The addenda to the programme averred that "Mistakes are like knives, they either serve us or cut us as we take them by the handle or the blade" (O. W. Holmes). An equal meed of praise and blame was awarded—according to the hearers' convictions—to the heroine of the hour. The chief interest in the criticisms was that they were generally based on individual ideas as to the rendering, which gave, at all events, a many-sided aspect for the reciter's mind to assimilate. One could not help thinking how interesting it would be, at the end of a new play, if two people—man and woman preferably—from boxes, stalls, dress circle, amphitheatre, pit, and gallery, might rise and "give their experience" as to the evening's performance, the critics to listen in humble silence to the *vox populi*, and write their notices on the consensus of expressed opinion.

Few Londoners know the original names of the suburbs, streets, lanes, and courts of the ever busy city. Edgware was formerly Eggsware: and it was usual, says Sir William Blackstone, for the lord of the manor to provide a minstrel or piper for the diversion of the tenants while they were in his service. Among the entries of the Court are the following: "At a Court helden A.D. 1551, two men were fined for playing at cards and draughts. Next year the inhabitants were fined for not having a tumbrel or a fucking-stool. In 1553 a man was fined for selling ale at the exorbitant price of a pint and a half for a penny." Thirsty souls must pine for the good old days.

There are to be several novelty classes at the Ladies' Kennel Dog Show to be held at Earl's Court in mid-December in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. The best actor's dog, the best actress's, the best kennelman's, and dog collectors for charities are all to be rewarded.

RACING NOTES.

THE racing last week was not of any great interest. A very pretty little horse is the aged Blanc Mange, who won the Rostrum Selling Plate at Gatwick, on Saturday, but his joints look none too sound, and he was bought in for 105 guineas only. The other two selling plates did better, as Tovaros, who took the Wick Plate, subsequently made 320 guineas, being purchased by Mr. R. Ward, who ran second with Dirk; whilst Meuse, a clever blood-like son of Little Hampton or Whitehall, who made all the running in the Sallow Selling Nursery, which he won in a canter from Heal, was not to be bought till Mr. W. M. Clarke had bid 410 guineas for him. The principal race of the afternoon, the Oval Handicap of two miles, went to Fred Webb's stable, which is dead in luck just now, by the aid of Mr. Jersey's well-named filly, Dancing Wave, by Ocean Wave out of Dance.

The competitors were a common-looking lot as they went down to the post. Drip is supposed to stay well, but she was never a taking filly. Glentilt is a great, slack, star-gazing beast, nor is there anything to like about Bravo. Canvass Back, who was a great tip for the Cesarewitch, at the last looked most like winning, and Dancing Wave went down better than most of the others, though she swished her tail somewhat ominously more than once. However, she had won her race a long way from home, and, although none too reliable a mare at times, she ran on to the end, and won easily by a couple of lengths.

There was some heavy betting over the Southdown Welter Handicap, at Lewes, on Friday, Blueskin, ridden by Mr. Lushington; Up Guards, with Mr. E. H. Lord in the saddle; Bravo, the mount of Mr. Atkinson; and Stop, with his usual pilot, Mr. Bewicke, up, all representing stables that are not afraid to put the money down when they think they have a good thing. Of these, the Grateley-trained candidate got home by a head, after a fine finish with Up Guards, in which Mr. Bewicke appeared to advantage, as usual, with Bravo, only a neck behind, third. There was plenty more racing last week, including a day's jumping at Gatwick, on Monday, but none of any importance, except, perhaps, the Great Tom Stakes, at Lincoln, which has lost its former glories, and excites very little interest now. It produced a better field than usual on this occasion, and was won by Angelina, once a selling plater, but now a fairly useful, staying mare. However, she did not beat much, and the form was probably moderate.

Though the Liverpool Autumn Cup will be run on the day before that on which COUNTRY LIFE is dated for publication, these notes will be in the hands of some of our readers before the hour at which the race will take place. Therefore I can give a few hints thereon for their benefit.

It is a very open race, and sure to produce an exciting struggle. It looks now as if the Cambridgeshire would be the key to it, but so nicely are the horses who ran in that event handicapped on their running in that race, that it must be more or less guesswork to say which of them will have the best of it at Liverpool. Thus Labrador, who ran well at Newmarket, is said by those who ought to know to be coming on fast, and, if so, he ought to win with only 2lb. more on his back, especially as the extra distance will probably be in his favour. There are many people who think that Merman will lack the dash to win over this distance. I do not agree with that idea myself, although no doubt he shows his best form over longer courses.

At the same time, he has a stone more to carry here than when he won the Cesarewitch, and that may stop him, whilst, should the going be heavy, as it is very likely to be, it must be all against a horse used to going on the top of the ground. In fact, this may altogether upset the Cambridgeshire form, seeing that that race was run when the ground was unusually hard for the time of year. On the Cesarewitch form The Rush ought to beat Merman, but I hear that he has done very little work since the Newmarket Second October Meeting, and, on the other hand, I know that the Waler has done very well, and is supposed to be a

better horse now than he was then. The fact, too, that he is preferred to Maluma is all in his favour, but I think his chance depends mainly on the state of the ground. Greenlawn (8st. 6lb.), Chiselhampton (8st. 1lb.), and Jaquemart (7st. 6lb.), are so closely handicapped that where one is the others ought to be, and the second of these is running instead of his stable companion, Crestfallen, who looked to have a decided chance. Greenlawn may be stale after all the work he has done this year, or I should fancy him more than anything else in the race, but I have a great liking for Nunsuch (7st. 8lb.), who I expect to hunt Labrador home, the Duke of Westminster's representative being the best class horse in the race, and, if he has come on as he is said to have done since the Cambridgeshire, to my mind, the winner of the race.

We have received a carefully compiled and very compact little volume dealing with the Chilwick Stud, in which many very interesting particulars of the bloodstock bred, owned, and raced by Sir Blundell Maple are set forth. The pedigrees of the sires, and upwards of half a hundred matrons of the stud, are given at length, with a full account of the produce of the stud in the year 1897, together with other items of interest, such as the names of the horses in training at Newmarket, of the yearlings that will carry the white and gold stripes next season, of horses sold out of the stud, and a list of the subscribers to the Chilwick Stud horses for 1897.

STUD NOTES.—There is no more interesting pursuit that I know of than that of breeding race-horses, especially as to hit off a successful strain means making a fortune. Luck must always have a great deal to do with it, as it has with everything in this world, but judgment has more, breeds on those lines which have proved successful in the past will always, in the long run, beat those who work on haphazard principles and trust to chance. We occasionally see a chance-bred horse winning great races, it is true, but not often; and if anyone will take the trouble to study the pedigrees of all the principal winners of any year, he will find that nine out of ten of them are bred on orthodox lines.

This is where Bruce Lowe's so-called Figure System is of such use. In reality it is not a system at all, but simply a reduction of results to a form which enables the student of breeding to ascertain at a glance the value of any blood or combination of bloods without the labour of searching through an endless number of Turf guides.

The object of breeding race-horses is to breed winners, and it is a fact worth remembering that nearly every well-known stud has founded its success on some particular blood, and, if it only has been stout enough, by breeding into it. To name a very few of these, Mr. Cartwright's long succession of winners were all descended from The Bloomer, a daughter of Melbourne, whose dam belonged to the Blacklock family. Her daughter, The Princess of Wales, by Stockwell, was the dam of George Frederick, Albert Victor, and a host of other winners, which was probably due to the fact that Stockwell's paternal grandam, Echidna, was out of the Blacklock mare, Miss Pratt.

That the Blacklock blood will bear inbreeding to has been clearly proved by Galopin's success, both as a race-horse and a sire; and that it also blends well with that of Whalebone was not only shown by that horse's great-grandson, The Baron, who sired Stockwell, and by Vedette, sire of Galopin, who was by Voltigeur out of a Birdcatcher mare, but also by the fact that it has also always nicked well with Touchstone, also a direct descendant of Whalebone on his sire's side.

Inbreeding to Whalebone, through Oxford, Stockwell, and Touchstone, has been the secret of the many Yardley Stud successes; inbreeding to Stockwell and his brother Rataplan has produced Wisdom, and most of the big winners of



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DIEUDO.VNE.

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the present year; and inbreeding to Touchstone, perhaps, accounts for the extraordinary success in Australia of Musket, who was by Toxophilite—great-grandson of Touchstone—out of a half-sister to General Peel's dam, by West Australian, son of Mowerina, by Touchstone.

These thoughts have been brought to my mind lately, not only by the constant successes, during the present year, of the Birdcatcher and Musket families, but also by the fact that these two lines are at the present moment strongly represented at the Cobham Stud, where I have lately seen Babilo, by Blair Athol (Stockwell, The Baron, Birdcatcher) out of Marigold (Teddington, Orlando, Touchstone); The Owl, by Wisdom, by Blinkhoolie (Rataplan, The Baron, Birdcatcher), his dam Aline, by Stockwell (own brother to Rataplan) out of Rattlewings, who brings in two more crosses of Birdcatcher, through Vedette and The Baron; and Trenton, the most successful Musket stallion in the world. This is a beautiful horse, who won over all distances from six furlongs to three miles during his four seasons on the turf in Australia, since which he has sired an extraordinary number of high-class winners, including Auraria, Quiver, and Aurum, at the present moment the best three year old in his own country. It is worth noticing that in tail female he represents five generations of Colonial breeding, whilst he is also full of the invaluable Whalebone blood, so that he cannot fail to make a splendid outcross for delicate English mares. He was head of the list of winning stallions in Australasia last year, and second in this.

One of Wisdom's very best sons, and so closely inbred to Birdcatcher as to make him a certain stud success, is The Owl, who combines all the size and power of the Birdcatchers with the quality of his dam, who was by Galopin out of Mavis, by Macaroni. He was a very high-class race-horse, and he defeated the winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, whilst his combination of Birdcatcher and Blacklock makes him one of the most promising young sires at the stud.

Perhaps in the whole Stud Book there is no horse who, from his breeding, was more certain to sire winners than the three-parts brother to Doncaster, Babilo, by Blair Athol out of Marigold (Doncaster's dam). He was a good race-horse and a thorough stayer, and he has been extraordinarily successful as a sire in Ireland, whilst almost all his stock wear well on the turf, and make first-rate jumpers. He brings in a cross of Blacklock through his maternal grandam, whilst, being descended on his sire's side from Queen Mary, he affords a grand cross for mares of that blood. This is a horse that will almost certainly make a great name for himself with the mares he is getting now.

A series of articles on breeding will appear in these columns during the coming season, dealing with the various families that have been most successful in the past, and calling attention to the breeding and performances of those of their representatives whose services are advertised at the present time. I also hope to be able, from time to time, to give items of stud news which may prove interesting to breeders and such of my readers as are concerned in these matters.

OUTPOST.



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NINUS.

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OUR illustrations this week include two or three more of the leading two year olds of the current season, horses that will be much talked of in the spring of 1898, in connection with the big three year old races. Portraits of Mr. Perkins's

so far disappointing colt by Bend Or—Jenny Howlet, and Mr. Leonard Brassey's Orzil, a chestnut colt by Ayrshire from Merry Miser, appeared in our issue of last week. It will, no doubt, be remembered that Orzil made his first appearance on a race-course in the Woodcote Stakes, at the Epsom Summer Meeting, on the day before Galtee More's Derby, in which, ridden by Bradford—who was shown as his rider in the portrait recently given—he defeated Perthshire—on whom odds of 11 to 4 were laid—Firearm, and two other runners. Orzil next ran at Ascot, where, in the Coventry Stakes, he met and defeated Cap Martin, Heir Male, and Bittern, all winners up to that date, as well as two dark colts, who came with considerable reputations—Batt, from the Kingsclere stable, who has since won races, and The Wyvern, hailing from that presided over at Newmarket by Captain Machell. He was brought out at the Newmarket First July, to canter, for it was little else, for the Exeter Stakes, against Phœnix and Palinurus, subsequently to which he was next seen out at Goodwood, where he won the Lavant Stakes in a canter. He had nearly three months' rest before coming out to win the Clearwell Stakes "just in the old sweet way," by three lengths from a fair field, this completing a sequence of five successes without defeat.

His next venture, however, was not so satisfactory. The race was the Middle Park Plate. Orzil started favourite, but he came tearing away in company with Disraeli from the fall of the flag, and though he was lengths in front of his field for five furlongs, he was run to standstill a distance from home, and actually failed to get a place. His last appearance was in the Great Sapling Plate, at Sandown, in which he had the wether of 9st. 12lb. to carry, and had no chance to give 17lb. to Ninus.

The as yet unnamed colt by Bend Or—Jenny Howlet, who claims the proud distinction of being the son of a winner of the Derby and a winner of the Oaks, has not justified in public the very favourable reputation based on home form that preceded his *debut* at Gosforth Park, in the early spring. He won in a canter on his first public essay, but failed conspicuously when made favourite



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THE START.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch. THE FIELD FOR THE DEWHURST PLATE.

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for the New Stakes, at Ascot, being beaten out of a place by Florio Ruottino, Rhoda B, and Lucknow. On his favourite Gosforth course he won the Seaton Delaval Plate in June, with consummate ease, but he failed as egregiously as ever in the Middle Park Plate, at Newmarket, when heralded by an even greater reputation than that which he took with him to Ascot in June.

If the stable had not such a clinking two year old as The Baker, the solution would, no doubt, be found in the fact that the North Country form was poor, but the performances of that son of Bread Knife have been so good that he would be very nearly favourite for the Derby now if he happened to be engaged in the great Epsom race. And yet it is authoritatively stated that the Jenny Howlet colt has been—not once only, but three times—tried to be at least 10lb. better than The Baker, which looks as if he was one of the "can but won't" division.

The Duke of Devonshire's Dieudonné, who is a chestnut colt by Amphion—Mon Droit, made his first appearance in the Champion Breeders' Stakes at Derby in September, when he started at the outside odds of 33 to 1, and actually finished fifth, though unplaced by the judge, to Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Disraeli, who carried off the race from the up to that time undefeated Champ de Mars and ten others. On his next appearance he gained a very meritorious victory at Kempton Park, in the Imperial Produce Stakes, over Cyllene and ten other competitors, the field in this instance also numbering a round dozen. This success of the Duke of Devonshire's colt having entailed the carrying of extreme penalty in the Middle Park Plate, Dieudonné was very little fancied by the general body of followers of racing when he came out on the last day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting, to contest the great two year old prize instituted by the late Mr. William Blenkinsop. In a field of fifteen, despite

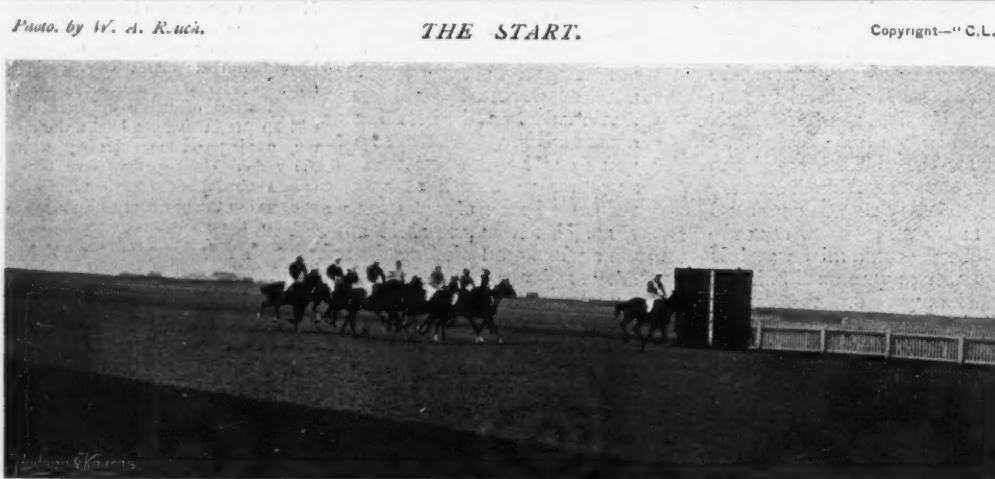


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ENTERING THE RAILS.

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his fine performance at Kempton, six of the other runners in the race were preferred to him, and though some substantial investments on the part of some of the followers of the stable entailed his being ousted at 100 to 7, 20 to 1, and as much of that as was wanted, was to be had about his chance anywhere in the ring until just before the fall of the flag.

How the race was run and won is now a matter of turf history, and practically so fresh in the recollection of readers of COUNTRY LIFE as not to require retelling here. It is the common opinion that the race was not a true-run race, and that the tremendous pace set by Orzil and Disraeli, in turf parlance, "cut the throats" of the rest of the field, and that this particular fact was responsible for the very unexpected result—the victory of Dieudonné. Whether that is really so or not time will show; but that the son of Amphion is not quite so far in front of the others of his own age as his race for the Middle Park Plate would make him out to be, is shown by his failure a fortnight later to defeat Hawfinch and Ninus in the Dewhurst Park Plate. This event was so recently described in these columns that it is only necessary in this brief notice of the colt, who will be one of the winter favourites for the Derby—unless the rumour as to his being touched in his wind should be confirmed—to say that he was beaten into third place by the dark Hawfinch, one of the Kingsclere ugly ducklings, and Prince Soltykoff's Ninus.

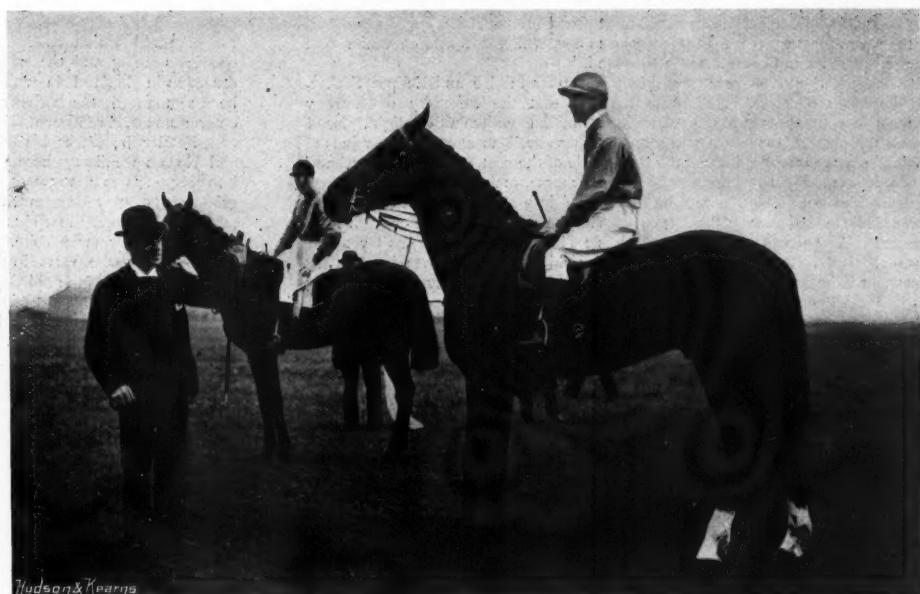


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NEWMARKET TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

SOME 175 years since, a gentleman of the period, having made a journey through his native land, was bold enough to publish an account thereof in the form of a series of letters addressed to a friend abroad. This account he commands to the "protection and favour" of the "young nobility and gentry of Great Britain," remarking with some common-sense that those young bloods spent their time and money abroad, and returned home praising foreign lands, quite neglectful of the places of beauty and interest that were to be found within their own tight little island.

I gather from perusal of his account of Newmarket that our author was not a member of the Anti-Gambling League, for he remarks that "It is a great pleasure to rise in the morning and see the horses aired"—quaint expression that—"or led over the grounds, but a much greater to see the joy and attention in every face on the starting of the matches." Clearly the writer was not of the kill-joy school, though I do not gather that he was a speculator on "the matches"—rather the reverse.

I cordially agree with him that "here there is something so very noble in the whole pursuit of the courses, that it animates even a by-spectator or stranger to share in their pleasure." If the by-spectator

had had something "on," he would have been still more animated, especially if his fancy won.

Newmarket in those days consisted of one long street, in which the Sovereign and many of the nobility had their "hunting, or, rather, racing houses." "And, indeed, when one beholds the vast company of horsemen on the plain at a match, one would be astonish'd to consider how so small a place could contain such a vast number of people."

It is easy to see that there was no great ceremony or distinction of class and mass in those days. "All mankind are here upon an equal level, from the duke to the country peasant. Nobody wears swords, but without distinction are cloathed suitable to the humour and design of the place for horse sports. And a country grazier lays his money at a horse match with the same freedom as the greatest lord of them all; for here is no ceremony, but everybody strives to out-jockey (as the phrase is) one another." Alas! Newmarket—and most other places—are no better in this last respect to-day! Certes the duke and country peasant no longer rub shoulders, nor are swords worn either, but the "by-spectators"—especially the outside bookmakers—are suitably "cloathed" for the "humour of the horse sports," and the country



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

WILDFOWLER.

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grazier still lays his money with the utmost freedom. "Great wagers are laid on the several horses, besides the prizes run for, which are seldom under four hundred pounds, and often above a thousand."

Think of that, you race committees who offer Jubilee and Eclipse Stakes, and be not puffed up. And now I regret that the necessity of honesty compels me to show up old Newmarket in an unfavourable light, for I learn—"However, there are sharpers at this as well as at other diversions of England: a 'groom's' riding on the wrong side of the post, or his riding 'crimp,' or people's crossing the horses' way in their course, makes a stranger risk deep when he lays his money, except he can be let into the secret, which you can scarce believe he ever is." Again, alas! Can such things be nowadays, I wonder? Be sharpers to-day on the classic Heath? Do "grooms" yet ride "crimp," and is the hapless stranger still risking "deep" when he lays his money, or is he occasionally let into "the secret," or, as I believe modern slang has it, "the know?"

"After the matches are over" there was "publick play in most of the nobilitie's houses, as well as at the two coffee houses," which, I grieve to learn, "lasts most of the night," and, finally, I am thoroughly shocked to be informed that "the horse matches are intermixed with cock matches." Our author's

composition is also slightly "intermixed," for I presume he intends to convey the information that cock fighting, like play, filled up the blank time betwixt one day's racing and the next. He gives a lively description of this "mighty diversion in England, in which they exceed all the world," but he owns it "to be a remnant of the barbarous customs of this island," and too cruel for his entertainment, a sentiment with which I own I personally agree.

Finally he warns his friend: "That the chieftest sharpers at Tunbridge and Epsom are always here likewise, and therefore there is no safe play without knowing one's company very well; for you will here see fellows in the habits of grooms that play for as much money as a lord, and, perhaps, know more of the matter. In short, 'sharp' is the word here, and it's a common proverb all over England, a Newmarket bite." Southerners must no longer talk of "Yorkshire bites"—a favourite phrase in these degenerate times. It was to Newmarket that the term applied in the old days; so that it is evident that it is from a Southern county that the phrase originates. Possibly "the Newmarket bites" may have journeyed thereto from the County of Broad Acres—"coom from Sheffield in fact." But, tripled with Tunbridge and Epsom, Newmarket was—and some say still is—a place where "the chieftest sharpers are always."

GEORGE RAYNER.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

OUT FOR EXERCISE.

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OCTOBER PHEASANTS.

PEAKING generally, there are comparatively few pheasants killed in October, except on the boundaries of large preserves, or in places where wild-bred birds are scarce and too frequently are enticed by hand feeding to neighbouring coverts. On an outlying beat situated at a distance from the keeper's house; in isolated small coverts where only a brood or two are annually hatched off and, if not killed early in the season, stray away or are promptly poached; and on the boundaries where the adjoining land is chiefly small freeholds, and where from early dawn on the first till sunset on the last day of the season pheasants young and old, cocks and hens, are "potted" on every available opportunity, it is necessary to secure as many as possible in October. Under these circumstances alone is October pheasant shooting justifiable, as the birds are, as a rule, small and immature, and the destruction of a whole brood of poult is not a difficult matter. Most of us look forward eagerly to "the Twelfth" and to the First of September, but very few sportsmen take advantage of the First of October to kill pheasants, except in exceptional cases. In some districts where there are wide straggling hedgerows or patches of rough covert, gorse, and brambles, or narrow belts of woodland on the very borders of a shoot, where birds are apt to stray or be bagged by a jealous or unscrupulous neighbour, an old-fashioned October day is not without its charms to the Nature-loving sportsman. There is a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that the game must be searched for, that it has some chance of escape, and that in order

to make even a decent bag man's skill and intelligence must be pitted against the natural instinct and wily resources of the wild-bred pheasant. Men whose experience of pheasant shooting is confined to the slaughter of several hundreds of these birds each day during covert shooting, when the trees are bare of leaf and the vegetation less luxuriant than in October, have no idea of the marvellous cunning, the wonderful running powers, and general wariness of an old cock pheasant on a rough open shoot. Even hand-reared birds soon learn to take care of themselves, and, although they will cluster round the keeper and come running up at his whistle at feeding time, they at once seek shelter should a stranger approach. In an unpreserved country October pheasant shooting generally means a considerable amount of rough walking, for which the bag affords no adequate return. Unless an immature brood is met with, even the greedy shot will find it no easy matter to circumvent wild-bred birds. The young cocks are wary and wild, and make excellent use of their legs, generally rising far in front and out of shot. When late broods are met with it is advisable to kill both the old hen and cock, if possible, as the young birds are generally well able to take care of themselves, and, at any rate, they get but little assistance from their parents.

For pheasant shooting in October where game is scarce a man must be keen and active, must understand the nature of the game he is in pursuit of, and, above all, must work quietly. Nothing disturbs game and makes them on the *qui vive* so

quickly as the sound of the human voice, and, when after wild pheasants especially, silence should be observed. Needless to add that the dog or dogs should be perfectly obedient to whistle, or, better still, to a wave of the hand. Where there is much thick covert, patches of gorse or tangled undergrowth, no dog is better than the spaniel, provided he works mute and does not range out of gunshot. Personally, however, we prefer a steady setter that retrieves, and for wild pheasants no better single-handed dog than one of this description can be wished for.

Twenty years ago, in some of the out-of-the-way districts in Sussex, a dog of this kind was usually kept by sporting farmers or men who had small shoots, and most excellent aids to the gun they were in the straggling woodlands and thick covert. Many a brace of October pheasants have we killed over a favourite old Gordon setter that would hunt a bit of thick undergrowth like a spaniel and yet was perfectly staunch and steady on his point, and would retrieve dead or wounded game quickly and tenderly. Our equipment in those days included a tiny shrill bell that could readily be attached to the dog's collar when in tangled undergrowth or in the woodlands. Directly the tinkling of the bell ceased we knew the dog was on point, and then came the difficulty to locate him and get an effective snapshot as the bird rose quickly through the foliage. Yet how enjoyable a day's shooting in October on a wild beat can be made when in congenial company, or alone with an old canine friend, and perhaps a couple of men or lads to act as "stops" or beaters if required.

As we start the dew lies heavy on the meadows, and the hedgerows are in many places thick with dew-covered spiders' webs. The leaves are changing to autumn tints, and already some are quite crimson in hue, whilst the red berries of the mountain ash afford a brilliant contrast to the dull greens and browns of the surrounding vegetation. The stubbles gleam golden in the beams of the morning sun, and a covey of partridges "squat" as we appear at the gate. Useless attempting to get within shot in the open; so, leaving a beater at the gate in full view, we make a detour and, under cover of the rising ground,

get within forty yards before they rise, and dropping one bird dead, bring down another with a broken wing at the second shot. A whistle brings up the setter, and, quickly getting on the scent, he puzzles out the line to the hedgerow, and then ensues a merry chase, until at last he comes back with the bird. A wide straggling hedgerow adjoining a barley stubble usually holds a few pheasants, and this season a lot of eleven hatched out in its recesses. Stationing a man at the far end, with instructions to keep up a gentle tapping, we work it up towards him, the other man acting as beater on the opposite side. Not until within thirty yards of the end do we get a shot, and then the first pheasant of the season, a grand old cock, is added to the bag.

A small patch of gorse covert yields a couple of rabbits, and in a big rough pasture we get a hare and a partridge. On the sunny side of the hedge are signs that birds have recently been basking, and then in a small spinney we suddenly come upon the brood of young pheasants, now nearly full grown. Killing the hen with the first barrel, a young cock is badly hit with the second, and, although at first he carries on bravely, he suddenly swerves into a hedgerow, and we find him quite dead. The remainder of the brood have scattered in all directions, but eventually we pick up three more of the number. A small fir plantation yields three rabbits and a cock pheasant, and a wood pigeon is killed later on. Then comes lunch, and after a short rest another long tramp, ever expecting, but seldom getting, a shot until, as evening approaches, we meet with another lot of fine young birds, and as these take refuge in an isolated clump of trees with plenty of holding cover beneath, we manage to bag five of their number, thanks chiefly to the patient, clever working of the setter.

The two men are fairly well laden with the results of a pleasant day's sport, as when the game bags are emptied out we find three hares, fourteen pheasants, five partridges, seven rabbits, and a wood pigeon, with which we are more than satisfied. A short walk homewards in the chilly October air, and another First of October is added to those already past that are now but pleasant memories.

THE RED DEER.—II.

THE horrible but necessary progress of cultivation has done far too much, from the point of view of the mere lover of Nature, to narrow the range of the red deer. Wide and illimitable as his domain may seem to be, his roaming tendencies have to submit themselves to some restriction, and in time he must come to the confining fence which no stag can cross. Still his principalities are of considerable area, and they are remarkably well guarded. I speak not of the parks—likely to increase in number now that it has been found that the red and the fallow deer may thrive in the same enclosure—in which red deer are kept, but of the wild and extensive forests. These you shall find in the highlands and islands of Scotland in the first place; and there of late years the range of the wild red deer has increased somewhat, for the simple reason that to own a good deer forest is far more lucrative than to own an indifferent sheep walk, and that a deer forest gives employment to nearly, if not quite, as many honest Highlanders as any sheep walk. Mr. Evan Mackenzie reckons these deer forests to be 130 in number, of which thirty only are continuously held by their owners. Among such owners are the Queen, the Dukes of Atholl, Fife, Portland, Sutherland, Westminster, and Richmond, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Ancaster, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, and Mr. Walter Shoolbred. Ireland can show some fine and remarkably picturesque forests rising from the edge of the Long Range River and the Upper Lake of Killarney. They are the property of the Earl of Kenmare and Mr. Herbert of Muckross. Others there were, not many years ago, in the Emerald Island, but I know not whether they have survived. In Wales, so far as I am aware, there are no deer forests, though there might be some in



Photo. by C. Reid.

THE FULL-GROWN STAG.

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more than one neighbourhood, but several instances of noblemen and gentlemen, Mr. Assheton Smith, for example, who keep red deer in their parks. Again, in the New Forest, Gilbert White's pretty account of the transportation of the deer to Windsor notwithstanding, there are still red deer. The passage in "Selborne" is worth looking up. Lamenting the loss of the black game—which, by the way, have reappeared, for Mr. Horace Hutchinson regrets that they are dying out—it continues: "Another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting. I mean the red deer, which, towards the beginning of the century, amounted to about 500 head, and made a stately appearance." Then the gentle observer goes on to tell us how Queen Anne had the whole herd driven before her at Queen's Bank, which is near Wolmer Pond, and how, some time between 1750 and 1760, the Duke of Cumberland sent "a huntsman with six yeomen

prickers in scarlet jackets, laced with gold, attended by the staghounds, ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and to convey them in carts to Windsor." He narrates that every stag was taken in the summer, but that in the winter, when the hinds were carried off, "such fine chases were exhibited as served the country people for matter of wonder for years afterwards." Of the "gallant scene" of singling out and hunting one particular stag, he speaks as "the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding school."

Howbeit there are still red deer to be hunted in the New Forest; and let us hope that it is no longer necessary to say that "the injury to the morals of the people (from the vicinity of large herds of deer) is of more moment than the loss of their crops." Finally, the true English home of the red deer is Exmoor, and of the doings of the Devon and Somerset in hunting them, and of the prowess of Anthony, the readers of COUNTRY LIFE have been told in very pleasant fashion of late. In all these places the wild red deer live as nearly in a state of nature as it is possible for any creatures in the British Isles to live. An absolute state of nature is no longer to be found in this country. The indigenous fox battens on rabbits, which are believed to be, and on pheasants, which certainly are, foreigners. The owl feeds sometimes on the young of the Norway rat. The partridge haunts the stubble-fields and the turnips, in the making of which man's hands have laboured. The snipe that comes and goes as it lists seeks its food often in hard weather by the runnels of water that human industry has created. So the range of the wild red deer is limited, though wide, and many agencies, human and natural, have combined to make the lines of his life easier for

him by eliminating his carnivorous enemies; that is to say, all the four-footed ones. Still there is enough of really wild nature left for the red deer to follow their traditional habits. The mature stags still segregate themselves from the hinds until September comes, and in the rutting season they will still fight to the death for the mastery and for possession of the hinds. At this season, too, they are apt, I am told, to be savage and dangerous; and I have never thought it worth while to test the truth of the story by experiment. The hinds are still as careful as they were from the beginning to conceal the nurseries of their fawns, and if Gilbert White's horrible story be true, concealment has been

necessary in comparatively modern times. For he narrates a practice of the forest deer-stealers which is quite revolting. It was their practice to pare the hoofs of the fawn to the quick, so that it might be unable to leave the lair until, by the assiduous nursing of its gentle dam, "it was large and fat enough to be killed." Calculated brutality could no further go.

In the matter of venery there is little for me to write. Of the brilliant and inspiring scenes to be witnessed, this year as in former years, by the followers of the Devon and Somerset, the readers of these columns have already been informed. For description of a long stalk, in Scotland for choice, space does not suffice. But surely the long-drawn and gradually increasing excitement of the stalk, the thought and knowledge of red deer nature that must go to the making of success, the nice judgment



Photo. by C. Reid.

A HERD OF RED DEER.

Copyright.

of the wind, the accurate memory of the contours of the ground, the prolonged labour and caution of the approach, and the tension of nerves at the critical moment—these things combine to make deer-stalking one of the very best of sports. For the stag, as Mr. Mackenzie justly observes, is no mean quarry, and exceeding difficult of approach; and in this connection, looking upon the exquisite illustrations lying before me, let me congratulate the artist and remind him that one of the greatest exploits of Horatio Ross, the finest deer-stalker that ever lived, is reckoned to have been achieved when he stalked and "shot" a herd of deer feeding in the forest. His weapon was a camera.

AUCEPS.

The Adder Catcher

IN the fixed and unchanging order of the Forest, where special law and custom have for eight centuries subordinated human interests to the preservation of trees and animals, there is no more curious survival than the vocation of the adder catcher.

There is not the slightest doubt that in the curious individual who is now the sole survivor of his craft within the bounds of the Forest we have also a reminder of one of the most primitive forms of "heathenesse" in these islands. No one who is acquainted with the ancient British legends of the great snakes or "worms" haunting various hills and vales of Celtic Britain—tales which can be identified with certainty as evidence of serpent worship in our islands—can doubt when he sees this wild man of the woods, with his strange and bizarre equipments, and his bags of snakes, that he is a true and direct, though unconscious, descendant of the priests of the serpents and serpent-worshippers, who "made medicine" to propitiate the "worms" and dragons, when Britain and heathenesse were one. The adder catcher, like these his remote predecessors, is a public character. It is the *métier* of all his craft, whether among African fetishes or Red Indian lodges, to maintain this rôle; and he has all the mixture of shrewdness, wit, and a kind of gipsy feeling for effect and absolute gipsy love for the woods and freedom, which we should expect in one who lives this part to-day. His appearance is unique, as will be seen from his portrait, and

of the New Forest.

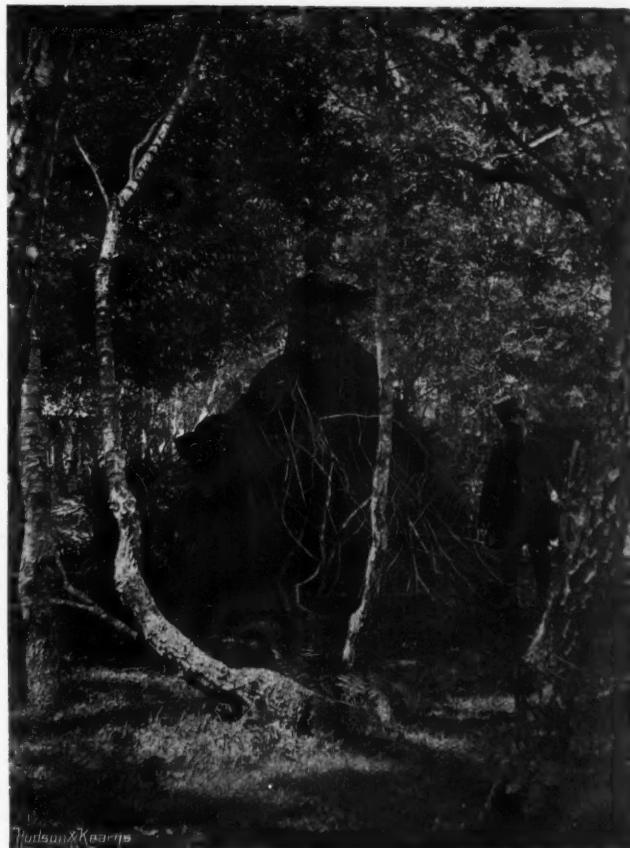
we imagine that no other man remains in this country whose domicile can be compared with THE ADDER CATCHER'S HOME. There is nothing stagey, or artificial, or unreal, about it. It is an old charcoal burner's hut, made of thick beech poles, set side by side in a circle, and roofed with great slabs of heathery turf taken from the heath. It stands among scattered hawthorns and birch trees, just by the natural boundary of Gritnam Wood, whose huge beeches and burly oaks break the force of the forest winds.

The furniture of the hut is a shelf and a great sack of beech leaves, on which the adder catcher sleeps. In winter he draws a sack of heather across the door; in summer the entrance is open to the air, that night air of the forest into which the soil distils the woodland odours gathered for a thousand years. It is a mere sleeping-place, like every so-called "home" of the thoroughly wild man, who lies down at dark and leaves his bed at dawn. The rest of his day is spent either in seeking snakes and adders in the woods, or in exhibiting and selling them and his other wares at meets of hounds, fairs, pony shows, horse sales, forest races, and the like. There he may always be seen and his acquaintance made. His snake-hunting is quite a serious business, from which he derives considerable enjoyment, while attaching to it great importance. He looks upon himself, and desires to be regarded by others, as a public benefactor.

Having selected some particular range of forest, where his game is likely to be plentiful, he takes for equipment a hazel stick, a pair of long steel tweezers, with scissor handles and flattened ends—something like a pair of old-fashioned lamp scissors—and a short fork of hazel attached to a brass socket. When he starts a snake he slips this fork on the end of his stick, and pins the creature to the ground. If it is an adder it is picked up with the tweezers; if a grass snake, by the hand; and in any case is put into one of the tin cases which may be seen in our illustration stuffed into the side pockets of his coat. The steel tweezers, of which he is rather proud, always hang by a cord from his waistcoat. A good stout coat and waistcoat, cord trousers, and thick black leggings and boots, complete his costume, and equip him for the wandering "Over hill, over dale, through bush, through briar," made necessary by his curious calling. In the winter most of the snakes go to ground, and lie torpid. Though the adder catcher usually knows likely "finds" for whole bunches of grass snakes or adders in heaps of fern or rotten straw, his regular occupation is practically over from November till March, when the snakes once more come out to enjoy the spring sun.

During that time he earns chance moneys by carrying firewood, and other odd jobs; but his "profession" during the months of its legitimate exercise is not unremunerative. It is a natural question to ask, "How; and what possible form can the remuneration take?" The facts are a curious comment, both on the conservatism of forest customs, and the strong influence which the feeling that, for want of a better name, we must call superstition still has in the country. There is a general belief—which one may be sure the adder catcher does not discourage—that these creatures do bite the cattle, calves, and pigs which roam in the forest. There is also the chance that a hound belonging to one of the New Forest packs may be bitten by a snake. This does happen occasionally. Sheep are not kept in the Forest, except on the manor of Brockenhurst, their presence being forbidden by law; but, perhaps once in a year, some sheep or lambs may be bitten in the purlieus, so the Forest authorities pay a reward of one shilling per head for vipers. Mr. Mills, or "Brusher," as the adder catcher is familiarly called, keeps a record of his catch, as close as that made by the authorities in India, and always knows the figures up to the date of asking. Besides this regular income, he has now a market for the harmless green snakes. The Zoological Gardens

reputed medicine. Modern medical science has proved beyond doubt that certain very finely divided fats, when rubbed into the skin, do penetrate it, and act as lubricants to the muscles below. Lanoline, the greasy matter which lubricates sheep's wool, is now used as an important and valuable remedy; and there is no proof that vipers' fat may not be useful in the same way. "Brusher's" advertisements, which he says off by heart, claim that the fat is a remedy for sprains, adders'



THE ADDER CATCHER'S HOME.



A HANDFUL OF SNAKES.

have for some time possessed a fine specimen of the king cobra, or hamadryad, which lives mainly on other snakes, and as he has a good appetite, Mr. Mills supplies as many as 150 snakes per annum for his sustenance. Then there are a good many tips for exhibiting the adders at the pony shows, meets, and fairs. Besides this, most strange to say, "Brusher" does a regular trade in adders' fat. This is the clarified fat made by boiling the vipers. It is a very ancient and very highly-

bites, rheumatism, stiff joints, bites by rats, and poisoning by brass. I have seen it being bought, at a good price, by foresters of all classes, by grooms, and even by a huntsman, who used to put it on his hounds' feet, and rub it into their joints, when they had sprains or rheumatism; and for adders' bites it is considered a "sovereign balm." In this the prescriber and compounder probably just misses the mark. It is now known that the poison of snakes, when eaten, confers immunity from the bite, and that this is how the snake-eating tribes obtain partial safety from the poison. But the fat is the part of the snake least likely to contain any of the poisonous principle.

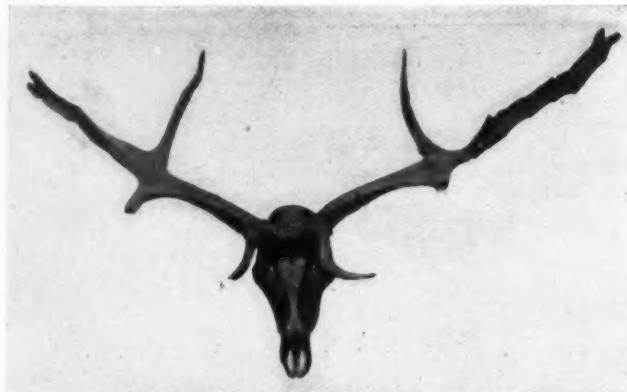
Those who may be interested in the historical sequence of the adder catcher's trade should consult the records of the survival of the business in the Italian Alps. The adder's fat was an expensive ingredient in Italian and French pharmacy, and the hunting of snakes was so lucrative that it was practised regularly both in Italy and in France. Near Lake Lugano was the most profitable hunting-ground, but the snakes were mostly consigned to wholesale apothecaries in Milan and Venice. They were sometimes sold alive to be made into medicinal soup, which is described by a French writer as "*un excellent bouillon, très-nourrissant.*" Gessner says that in Italy the adders were caught by putting saucers of sweet wine near the hedges; after drinking they became partly stupefied, and were picked up by the hand, covered with a thick leather glove.

A Relic of Past Ages.

"On the banks of Lough Neagh, as the fisherman strays,
When the cold dark eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

SO sang Ireland's national poet, Tom Moore. Whatever truth there may be shadowed beneath the poetical licence usually allowed, one thing is certain, and that is that the waters of Lough Neagh have wonderful petrifying qualities, but for which there would be little chance of being able to take from its depths the almost perfect head of an Irish elk, an animal which has been extinct for hundreds of years.

Another peculiarity of Lough Neagh is that it has in its waters a species of fresh water herring, called the pollan, the taking of which gives employment to a number of people, as may be judged from the fact that, in 1896, 256 tons of pollan, valued at £4,096, were exported. During the prosecution of this industry a short time since, some fishermen were drawing their nets, when, to their astonishment and terror, they brought to the



A PETRIFIED IRISH ELK'S HEAD.

surface what they supposed to be his Satanic Majesty himself. So, with all the fears of the superstitious Celt in their hearts, they dropped the nets and made off, scaring the neighbourhood with the account of their strange adventure. The daybreak gave them courage, and, reinforced by a strong gang, they returned to the attack, and brought up a magnificent specimen of an elk's head completely petrified. A local clergyman, hearing of the strange take, went to the fishermen and purchased the head for one sovereign, the purchaser and the sellers being equally well satisfied with the bargain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INHERITED HABIT IN A DACHSHUND.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It occurs to me that what appears to be a somewhat curious instance of inherited habit in a dog may be of interest to your readers. Some little time ago I became possessed of a large Dachshund, aged six or seven years, who, to my certain knowledge, had never seen game in his life. He was, and is, a dog of great intelligence, fond of doing all manner of tricks, of perfect manners, and so forth; but he was, to my mind, so obviously a London dog and a thoroughly domestic creature that I never took him with me when I went into the country. Eventually, however, I became so deeply attached to him, and my friends reproached me so much for leaving "the Old Gold dog" behind, that I changed my custom and took him into the country. There, in an idle moment, I determined to try this overgrown lapdog for quiet sporting purposes. That he took to them at once and retrieved within the first hour did not surprise me, for I knew his cleverness, but I was not a little astonished by his conduct in covert. Entering a straggling wood with a fair supply of undergrowth, I soon lost sight of my canine friend altogether, and neither whistling nor calling produced any result. Caring not a whit, I sat down on a stump near the middle of the wood, gun at side and pipe in mouth, to wait events. After a while a rabbit came towards me and was bagged, and, as time passed on, another rabbit and another came towards me and paid the penalty. It was evident that some unknown influence was at work in inducing the bunnies to converge from all directions towards one spot, and that not a bury. Soon the influence was apparent. The Dachshund's portly and fulvous form was visible from time to time, and it was evident that he was working the undergrowth upon an elaborate and scientific system. That is to say, he was steadily traversing the covert in concentric and gradually narrowing circles. The effect was eminently satisfactory; but that is not my point. Old Gold is fully ten years of age; he has certainly never been taught this very sagacious method of working, but I am told his German ancestors practised the method as the result of training. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to quote similar instances. Possibly it may not be amiss to quote also a curious illustration of the mimetic faculty in dogs. A friend of mine, a mighty hunter, possesses a fine Chow, which he has often taken out shooting as a companion only, and never permitting him to join the sporting dogs. Not long since the Chow, who had, no doubt, watched the beaters collect dead birds and deposit them in heaps to await the game cart, set solemnly to work, gathered all the birds killed by his master, and piled them in heaps. Surely this was a whimsical proceeding and without parallel.—RECORDED.

DO DOGS SEE GHOSTS?

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It seems to me worth while to mention some curious behaviour on the part of a dog of my acquaintance, in the hope that some of your correspondents may be able to assist, by quoting similar cases, in explaining a mystery. The dog in question, a wavy-coated retriever bitch of high pedigree and even higher intelligence, is the property of a friend of mine. She is almost his familiar, and as good a retriever as man need desire to possess; and her favourite resting-place, until recently, had been an armchair in the smoking-room. There, one afternoon, some three weeks ago, she was sleeping quietly, when suddenly she woke in great distress and alarm. Then she jumped from the chair, rushed about in great excitement, and out of the room as soon as possible. Since then she has never willingly entered the smoking-room, and, when induced to go in by persuasion or force, she shows marked signs of uneasiness and anxiety, as I have myself seen quite recently. Out of that room she conducts herself with her accustomed modest dignity. In it she is like a human being that has seen a terror that cannot be forgotten. I have habitually lived among dogs, and cannot recollect a similar case.—CANICULUS.

NEW HOMES IN OLD HOUSES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have had the misfortune to miss the article—and to have mislaid the number in which it appeared—referred to in Lady Dorothy Nevill's question in your issue of October 30th, but I can have little doubt that it had reference to the transformation of some of our quaint and picturesque old cottages into reasonable dwelling-houses. I am able to tell Lady Dorothy Nevill of one such, and among the most picturesque of its class—at present, I believe, without a tenant, but that would only make the facility of looking over it the greater. It is called East Mascalls, and is about three miles from Haywards Heath, in Sussex, and close to Lindfield (not Lingfield) village.—ANTIQUARY.

INJURY TO THE HERRING FISHERIES.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed that in your "Country Notes" in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE you refer to the injury which is being done to the herring fisheries by the capture of "whitebait" in large quantities on our coasts. There is no manner of doubt in my mind that these latter fish are mainly the fry of the common herring (*Clupea Harengus*), with an admixture to a greater or lesser extent, according to season, of the young of the sprat, with occasionally immature forms of shad, blenny, and other species. The great increase in the consumption of this table delicacy has, in my opinion, a very great share in the failure of the herring fisheries in British seas, and some check of a legislative nature ought to be placed upon the capture and sale of such small fishes.—CHARLES S. PATTERSON, M.B., F.Z.S.

TROUT WITH ABNORMAL TAIL AND FINS.

[To the EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a curious trout which was caught by a local angler at the junction of the Leader with the Tweed. The fish weighed scarcely 4oz., but had a tail and fins large enough for a trout of 2½lb.—J. CLAPPERTON.



A CURIOUS CATCH.

[We have lately seen a book called "Fish Tails and Some True Ones." The abnormal little trout, of which the illustration is given herewith, seems to have been specially designed for its frontispiece, only, unfortunately, the trout was not taken until after the publication of the book. When caught it weighed scarcely 4oz., though carrying a tail and fins that would not have disgraced a fish of two or three pounds. The dorsal fin is specially remarkable, showing some intention of taking the shape of a second tail, but it is, of course, in the development of the true tail—actually capable of "wagging the fish"—that the most striking freak of Nature is exhibited in the person of this singular little trout. We shall be interested to hear whether any of our angling readers have ever met any like departure from the normal type.—ED.]



MONDAY: I spent the whole morning at Jay's, interviewing Mr. Hiley's latest creations—and they are creations! Beautiful gowns he has. He is a clever person, and he is a real artist, taking so much pride in every frock as he puts it on the pretty saleswoman, that he must needs run upstairs to the millinery department to get a suitable hat, round which he ties a superior veil, then he dives into the fur department to get a boa and a muff, fixes the perambulating fashion plate perfectly in every detail, and then gazes at her admiringly. It is quite a pleasure to see anyone enjoy their work as Mr. Hiley does; but this by the way—it is I who really want to enjoy his works. I admire immensely a gown he has just made for Marie Tempest, of pale pink velveteen, embroidered in pink chenille and pink jewels in a grape design. The low bodice is draped with lace, and at one side there is a large bunch of Neapolitan violets, with a cluster of pink roses hanging in a long trail to the hem of the skirt, which shows masses of the embroidery. Marie Tempest knows how to put her clothes on, and the like cannot be said of every actress; but comparisons are odorous, I have been told. A lovely pelisse I saw at Jay's is made of black velvet, with double capes, hemmed with most superior jet trimming formed of sequins and bugles. The sleeves are one mass of this jet, and the small revers and high collar are made of Russian sable, a cravat of old lace just peeping out at the neck, while the lining is of pale blue satin. A truly beautiful simple evening gown has a skirt of a shot grey and white silk with a surface like Terry velvet, and the bodice of ivory lisso set into many tucks, striped with pale yellow lace, and edged with chinchilla. Round the waist of this is a belt of pale blue moiré fastened with diamond buttons. A cloth dress of pleasing detail is of purple cloth with the skirt trimmed on the extreme hem with two shaped flounces innocent of fullness, the bodice pouching and showing a collar of mauve Terry velvet—Terry velvet being one of the revivals of the day—and a belt with a jewelled buckle. A black cloth dress no less desirable has a skirt made with a flounce at the back, a plain front seam, and bands of cloth, elaborately hem-stitched, extending their influence from the front round to the back. There is scarcely any fullness in the flounce at the back, but it gives just that sweep which makes for grace. Jay's gowns are a joy. And not the least successful garment—if it may be called so—amongst the many which obtain there is a new muff with a strip of sable down the centre, flanked on either side with gathered Wedgwood blue velvet, which turns back with a narrow border of ermine, fastened with a couple of enamelled buttons set round with diamonds. Little frills of lace peep out from the lining, which is of the Wedgwood blue velvet again, and the muff would make any woman long to put her hands on it, or in it.

WEDNESDAY: I spent the morning reading Evelyn Sharpe's book, "The Making of a Prig." What a clever girl she is, and with what ingenuousness does she reveal the woman in her. The book is really a human document, psychologically, a revelation of man's weakness and woman's tenacity. She is one of the few women who really say what they know, and we shall only arrive at books which are significant of the times when women will really write what women feel. Trixie came in and interrupted me just as I was finishing the last chapter. I unceremoniously hushed her into silence, until I could leave my heroine happy for life, and then turned round and upbraided her for not having ordered lunch. She is of a forgiving disposition. She ignored all my want of courtesy, and offered to take me to the St. James's Theatre to-night to see "The Tree of Knowledge." The house was crammed, and all the people looked very smart. There always is an elegant audience at this theatre. Perhaps they are afraid to put on their shabby clothes, conscious that they will rest under the eye of the popular wife of the manager, who certainly is an artist in dress, and always in herself represents fashion at its best.

I liked very much Julia Neilson's pelisse of terra-cotta cloth with black and silver braidings, worn with a black velvet toque.



BLUE DRESS WITH WHITE SATIN COLLAR.
(As worn by Miss Julia Neilson at the St. James's Theatre.)

But I would have lined with pale blue her black satin cloak, which is of an excellent shape, with a petal shaped collar of black and gold brocade, and a yoke with pendant tails of sable tied with a lace ruffle. I cannot make out why the lining chosen for this was red. Any other shade would have been smarter and more becoming, and would have looked better as a background to her white satin evening gown, with its elaborate trimming of cabochon emeralds. She wears a novel white rep dress in the third act, with lines of Oriental trimming striping it from waist to hem, and a wonderful jewelled buckle at the waist, the turn-down collar, the vest, and the sleeves being made of white tucked cloth or cashmere. Miss Neilson's blue dress is decorated down the centre seam with a conventional design in glittering sequins, these sequins again putting in their appearance on the white satin collar, which turns down round the shoulders, and ornamenting

the sleeves from shoulder to wrist. She is so beautiful, it does not matter what she wears—she always looks lovely, and I don't think she ever acted better. Certainly H. B. Irving has found his *métier* in the representation of a cynic pure and simple—not so very pure or so very simple, by the way.

We went out to supper at Prince's, and there were three jet dresses in the room—alas! alas! that there should be so many folks of such prodigal habits; but they were beautiful jet dresses, showing most superior jet, and in great profusion. There was an ideal cloak here, too. I am sure it came from Jay's. It was made of white velvet traced with jet, outlined with a very broad hem of black velvet, over which a jet tracing straggled gracefully. It was cut in the early Victorian shape, and the white satin lining was trimmed with little frills of white lace headed with black velvet ribbons. The woman who could not appreciate such a mantle deserves to be uncloaked as impossible to please. I recognised on the head of the wise wearer of this mantle the latest Parisian Diamond aigrette—such a beautiful design, with pendant stones all quivering. I knew its little secrets, for I had met it at 143, Regent Street recently, else had I never suspected its insincerity. One of the most convincing examples of the wisdom of the age was the conferring on this firm first prize at the Victorian Exhibition for the setting of gems. Their jewels are artistically perfect, and I have ever declared that their Orient pearls should make a respectable oyster blush for his inefficiency.



WHITE REP DRESS WITH ORIENTAL TRIMMING.
(As worn by Miss Julia Neilson at the St. James's Theatre.)

IN THE GARDEN.

FEW flowers are more treasured than the Carnation in its great variety of colours. It is hardy, vigorous, and in every way a plant for gardens large and small, no matter whether by the sea coast, or in the suburbs of some smoky town. Our illustration this week is of a border in the charming



A BORDER IN MR. WEGUELIN'S CARNATION GARDENS.

Carnation gardens of the well-known grower, Mr. Weguelin, St. Marychurch, Torquay, where border varieties are seen in perfection during July and August. This specialist grows every kind worthy of consideration—new and old—and the view depicts Carnation culture in its perfection. We wish everyone who is interested in growing Carnations could see the splendid plants at Torquay, all in vigorous health, silvery tufts pleasant to look at even when the flowers have flown. Border varieties are Mr. Weguelin's delight, and it is as a garden flower, not merely under glass, that the Carnation appeals most strongly to us. During July and August the principal Carnation shows are held, when there is keen rivalry for the awards, not a few of which fall to the Torquay grower. The competition becomes closer each year as new forms are added to the already lengthy list. When we write that Mr. Weguelin's Carnations are remarkable for their robustness, it must not be inferred that a Southern sea-coast is responsible for this. Good culture has, of course, its rich results, but the Carnation is as happy in the Northern Counties as in the South, if cultivated with reasonable care. A garden loses interest, colour, and beauty in summer when these fair and fragrant flowers are absent. Mr. Weguelin raises his seed from flowers of the best varieties, and this hybridisation to get new forms is a work of much labour, not free from disappointment. In a thousand seedlings there are few, perhaps not half-a-dozen, reserved for future propagation. It is through the patient labours of the hybridist that our gardens are enriched with new flowers.

OUTDOOR CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

At this season the conservatory of the rich and little greenhouse of the poor are gay with the flowers of the Chrysanthemum, but a thought should be given to the varieties that bloom in late September and early October days, when the garden should be as pleasant as in spring. We are apt to consider autumn a dead season, but a hundred lovely flowers are in beauty then—Starworts, Tritomas, Colchicums, Crocuses, and Tea Roses, to mention a few only—to rival the rich tints of woodland and shrubbery. The writer of these notes is compelled to draw comparisons between a cottage garden and an elaborate parterre after a sharp frost has passed over them—the one still fresh and fair to look upon, the other smelling of decay. There is no need for dreary gardens in autumn when we have such plants as these Chrysanthemums to gladden them, even in the face of frost. The old Cottage Pink, the same, we believe, as Emperor of China, a favourite of years ago, is seldom seen now save in the cottage garden, where it will flower until December if the weather is reasonably fair. The yellow-flowered Jardin des Plantes is a rich jewel for the open air, and the following more recent varieties are of beautiful colouring. Mme. Desgrange is one of the most familiar outdoor Chrysanthemums. It is in full beauty during the autumn, and has creamy-white flowers touched with yellow in the centre. Mrs. Hawkins, rich yellow, is a sport from the last-mentioned kind, and showy. Harvest Home, crimson and gold; Mme. Marie Masse, a free and charming variety, purplish pink; M. G. Grunerwald, pink; Mme. Eulalie Morel, cherry colour, touched with gold; Lady Fitzwygram, white; Arthur Crepy, primrose; Comtesse de Careil, orange; Pynaert Van Geert, yellow, shaded crimson; and Roi des Precoces, deep crimson, are all varieties bright and free in the outdoor garden.

GROWING OUTDOOR CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The best month to plant out strong tufts is March, when growth is commencing, or cuttings may be struck early in the year and grown on. A cold frame will suffice for the cuttings, putting them round the sides of five-inch pots, filled with a soil made up of loam and leaf-mould, with sufficient sharp silver sand to lighten it. If there are large beds in the garden, plant out sufficient Chrysanthemums to create a display in the autumn and make a succession of bloom. Bold groups in the border, too, are effective, and little disbudding of the flowers will be necessary. We want to see the plant in its natural beauty.

PLANTING TUFTED PANSIES.

This is the season to plant out Tufted Pansies, or Violas, as they were formerly called, if one wishes for an early spring display. Fairly light soil and a not too exposed position agree with the plants. Few flowers of recent years have been so hybridised as these, and the result is a charming group of varieties varied in colour, some of tender hues, others rich and effective. Tufted Pansies make delightful groundwork plants in large beds, and associate charmingly with Tea Roses. There are many ways of using them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We will gladly help anyone wishing for information about gardening, in all departments.